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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Folklore of the Right

EUGENE LYONS

Spring Book Number

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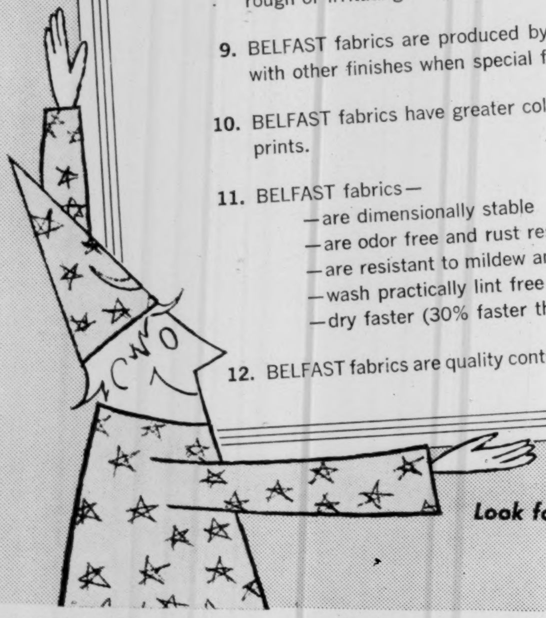

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

The Soviets are finding it necessary to continue to pour funds into North Korea. The latest "technical assistance program" calls for $125 million. . . The Polish Communist Party has restored First Secretary Gomulka to its Politburo, thus officially forgiving his "right-wing nationalist deviation" during the Stalin era.

Labor Secretary Mitchell has come out against an increase in the minimum wage at this time. . . The U.S. budget for 1961 will be a mandatory $2 billion more, due to automatic increases. If Congress doesn't pass President Eisenhower's proposed gasoline tax and postal rate increases, the deficit, without legislative help, will jump $3.4 billion.

Forty students in San Francisco have formed a "Tibetan Brigade" of volunteers for military service with the Tibetan guerrillas in the fight against Chinese Communists.

A crash program in the United States to liquidate the European refugee problem, including legislation to admit 50,000 Iron Curtain refugees, is urged in a special report by the Zellerbach Commission released last week.

Available from the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security: its latest report, "Statistical Data on Communist Propaganda Activities in Latin America, 1958."

The recent rumor that ex-Senator William F. Knowland might succeed Neil McElroy as Secretary of Defense was a trial balloon which had White House sanction. The reaction was very favorable. . . A top White House figure is recruiting supporters for Nelson Rockefeller's drive toward the Republican Presidential candidacy, in New York and other East Coast states, setting up lunches and get-acquainted visits. Rockefeller-rooters are haunting Capitol cloakrooms in an unsuccessful attempt to dissuade Leonard Hall from managing Vice President Nixon's 1960 quest for the Presidency.

Probable successor to Meade Alcorn as chairman of the Republican National Committee: Thruston Morton, protégé of the tireless leftward intriguer Arthur Goldsmith, renowned as "the kapok dragon of the Waldorf Towers" (W. Pegler).

The WEEK

● Truth came to the New York Civil Liberties Union the other day, quietly, on little cat feet, after soup and salad. "We Liberals," said Florida legislator John B. Orr Jr., at the NYCLU annual luncheon, "putter aimlessly in our insulated gardens while humanity rambles toward destruction." Mr. Orr quickly sobered up, and went on to talk about the First Amendment.

● Apparently acting on a deliberate plan to impress domestic, Russian and world opinion with American power and firmness, Washington has continued over the past fortnight the series of moves begun so dramatically by the naval boarding of the cable-cutting Soviet trawler. With U.S. backing, Brazil —following a recent Philippine precedent—told Soviet fishing boats that they would be seized if they entered Brazilian waters without permission. Major publicity—stressing the new "strategic vulnerability of the Soviet Union"—was given to a record twelve day trip of the nuclear submarine, *Skate,* under the polar ice. Congress released testimony by Army Chief of Staff Maxwell Taylor and Chief of Naval Operations Arleigh Burke that our present nuclear capability "could destroy the Soviet Union several times over." Defense Secretary Neil McElroy "advertised" the fact that we could "utterly destroy the Soviet Union" in order "to prevent any horrible miscalculation on a potential enemy's part." That the U.S. public backed the official posture was shown by a Gallup Poll: more than 80 per cent believes "we should keep American forces in Berlin—along with British and French forces—even at the risk of war." Into these mounting psychological waves, the sudden re-recognition of Communist Bulgaria dropped with a flat thud, as if to suggest that the appeasement wing of the State Department had not heard what the resistance wing was doing.

● Harry Truman has joined in the hectoring of Admiral Lewis Strauss. He has written to Senator Clinton Anderson urging him to exert his influence to reject Strauss' nomination as head of the Commerce Department. This is an act of historical effrontery, all the more grotesque when one reflects on the zealous concern Mr. Truman always expresses for the right of the President to preside over the personnel policy of the Executive. Mr. Truman has joined the demagogic pack who will not soon forgive Lewis Strauss his conspicuous fidelity to the highest principles of public office, a performance which casts shadows over men like Clinton Anderson and Harry Truman, and puts them to shame.

● Soviet economist Konstantin Ostrovityanov predicts that though the ruble is so discredited today that it can only be used within the Soviet bloc, by 1965 it will dominate world trade and monetary circulation. Maybe yes, maybe no. We must recognize that the Soviet Union enjoys a preternatural economic advantage over the West, in the matter of hardening up the currency. Three factors figure—number of people, amount of money in circulation, amount of goods being produced. Our government can manipulate the last two. The Soviet Union—it hardly seems fair, does it?—has long since mastered the technique of lessening the number of people; and may even have developed fruitful notions about how to increase the number.

● A notice from Senator Thomas J. Dodd (D. Conn.), vice chairman of the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security: Beginning April 20, the committee will hold public hearings at which witnesses will testify on the problems of internal security. The committee promises to listen attentively to witnesses anxious to explore the shortcomings and excesses of existing laws. Specific legislation is being considered by the committee. There is 1) a move (S.3, sponsored by Senator McClellan, *et al.*) to return to the states the right to prosecute subversives, a right wrested from them by a tortuous interpretation of the Smith Act by the Supreme Court (*Nelson,* 1957); another 2) to reinforce the Smith Act (S.527, sponsored by Senator Keating, *et al.*) by upsetting the Supreme Court's decision on *Yates;* 3) an omnibus bill by Senator Eastland designed to carry into effect recommendations of the American Bar Association for strengthening anti-subversive legislation; 4) a measure (S.1303) to amend the Immigration and Nationality Act with respect to travel in time of war or national emergency, and passport procedures. The notice will not go unheeded by opponents of internal security legislation. Qualified anti-Communists who are concerned for the internal security should inform the Counsel for the Subcommittee or the clerk of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary without delay of their desire to give witness to the right and desirability of a free society's defending itself against internal subversion.

● At a recent meeting in New York City, the Americans for Constitutional Action launched a fund-raising drive designed to project their fledgling organization upon the national scene as a chief rival and counterweight to the leftist Americans for Democratic Action and the CIO-AFL Committee on Political Education. As the ACA points out, the ADA and the CIO-AFL "COPE" have more often than not managed to force their will on the President and the Congress of the United States merely by dominating twelve cities in eight industrial states. By concentrating funds and activity on these limited areas, the ADA and COPE have utilized narrow margins to tie up whole blocs of electoral college votes. They have also managed to achieve the "swing" position in both Senate and House. To counter the strong extra-political party "third force" of ADA-COPE, the Americans for Constitutional Action propose to throw a "fourth force" into key political districts. We wish ACA all the luck in the world. Inquiries should be addressed to national headquarters, 408 First Street, S.E., Washington 3, D.C.

● Harry Bridges—boss of the union that has an economic stranglehold on the new State of Hawaii and on the docks of the Pacific Coast seaports—has just got back from a six-weeks tour of Europe, East and West. His statements to the press on his return were a detailed mouthing of the pro-Communist and pro-Soviet position that he has so loyally supported for the past three decades. All is perfect in the most perfect of Soviet Unions. All is catastrophic crisis in the decaying jungles of capitalism. West Germany, at the bidding of American imperialism, is "bound for war with the atomic bomb" to "recapture" East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Within five years the Soviet workers will have their work week down to 30 hours, their pay up 40 per cent, *and* lower prices. We commend Mr. Bridges' remarks to the magistrates of Hawaii, Democratic and Republican, who have been assuring us that Bridges has turned into a responsible trade unionist and good American.

● In a surprise launching from the smoke-filled conference rooms of the Pentagon, defense officials have attempted to orbit an alibi. Responding to charges that the Air Force was spending more money on the maintenance of trucks, cars, and other vehicles than they would need to pay to replace the equipment with good new vehicles, the Pentagon replied: we are merely trying to keep within our current budget. Maintenance costs, it was explained, are not included in the budget, while new purchases are. The launching fizzled.

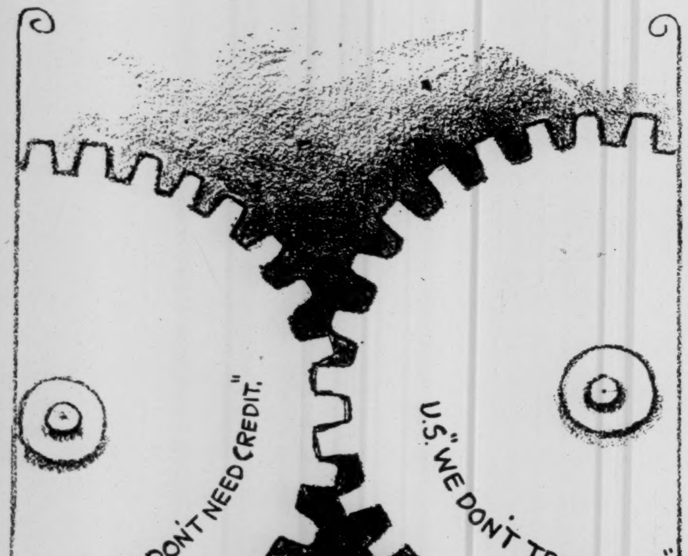
● A fine prose style is no doubt one of the less important qualifications for political leadership, but we could not repress a passing sigh of envy as we read over the verbatim transcript of Charles de Gaulle's first press conference as President of France alongside the transcript of another conference by another chief of state. And the elevation of the style did seem more than accidentally related to the quality of the thought: "Being without means of action, that is to say of destruction, equal to those in the hands of the Americans and the Russians, and thus of power to try to impose her policy, France might try to keep outside the conflict and, in the last resort, of war. [But] this would amount to France's giving up her reasons for living in an attempt to keep her life . . . We, who live between the Atlantic and the Urals, we, who are Europe, disposing, with America, its daughter, of the principal sources and resources of civilization, who have the means to eat, clothe ourselves, lodge ourselves, keep ourselves warm, we who possess mines and factories in full activity, well cultivated countrysides, railways where numerous trains run, roads choked with cars, ports filled with ships, airdromes peopled with aircraft, we, all of whose children learn to read, who build many universities and laboratories, who form armies of engineers and technicians, who can see, hear, read what is of a nature to satisfy the mind, we, who have enough doctors, hospitals, medicaments to ease suffering, to care for the sick, to assure the life of the greater part of the newly born—why do we not establish, all together, the fraternal organization which will lend its hand to the others?"

● Six years ago the Subversive Activities Control Board ruled that the Communist Party of the United States of America was Moscow-dominated and should register with the Justice Department as the agent of a foreign power. When, in December 1954, a U.S. Court of Appeals upheld the finding, the Party turned to the Supreme Court. The Justices eventually ordered the case back to the Court of Appeals from which it wended its way to the Board again. The Board has just reaffirmed its 1953 decision. At this rate, the Communist Party is undoubtedly confident that when the moment finally arrives when no judicial appeal is left open to it, it will be able to demonstrate that, in the interim, the Communist Party became the official agent of the United States government!

● A West German, on learning that Herr Ollenhauer, leader of the Social Democratic Party, had consented to go to East Berlin to confer with Khrushchev, wrote to the *Rheinische Merkur* proposing that Adenauer send Khrushchev a telegram to East Berlin as follows: "TO GOSPODIN N. S. KHRUSHCHEV, CHAIRMAN COUNCIL OF MINISTERS, USSR, AT PRESENT ON GERMAN SOIL IN BERLIN: WILL BE IN BERLIN IN MAY STOP PLEASE SEND ME THERE THE LEADER OF YOUR OPPOSITION STOP ADENAUER M. P."

● The East German Communists are having troubles all along the line. They have complained that they were being watched from above. "Watching" them was the new U.S. Discoverer satellite as it orbited over German skies. The East Berlin radio pictured it pregnant with radar, television cameras, and radio monitors, charting Iron Curtain geography preparatory to a missile attack. The Americans, said the commentator, "are carrying the cold war into outer space." And then . . . the Americans announce that the Discoverer never went into orbit! It shouldn't happen to a Communist.

● We do not rule out the possibility that Dr. Fidel Castro is crazy. His most recent lunacy was delivered before a labor rally in Havana, the first speaker at which was José Figueres, former president of Costa Rica and a long-time hero of the left-wing political forces of Latin America. Señor Figueres was so daring as to announce that it is in the interest of Latin America to keep the friendship of the United States and not to seek that of the Soviet Union. Dr. Castro evidently found this statement so offensive that he was prompted to blurt out a statement not unrelated in sentiment to his celebrated threat to murder 200,000 gringos: the big trusts and vested interests of the United States, he shouted, "killed more people in Cuba than did the Batista regime." Any casual student of Dr. Castro's demonology knows that Batista is the Devil incarnate. To rate below Batista, as Dr. Castro evidently rates American businessmen, takes a higher feat of the malevolent imagination. Our beleaguered State Department may find it harder to deal with a madman than with the left-wing romanticist we had hoped we were, at worst, saddled with. But then again it may find it easier. . . . Yes, yes, Fidel, now go shoot somebody, like a good boy.


USSR: "WE DON'T NEED CREDIT."
U.S. "WE DON'T TRUST YOU."
A Perfect Mesh

How Many Hungaries?

Once again, bloody knives rip the fabric of indifference, hypocrisy and illusion under which we try to hide the realities of our age. Yesterday, Poznan and Budapest; today, Lhasa; and tomorrow . . .

The Tibetan revolt unmasks and summarily displays the enduring features of the world crisis: Communism's fixed drive toward the total enslavement of mankind; the despicable role of neutralism—here embodied in its prime examplar, Jawarharlal Nehru; the disastrous negativism of the West, which holds back from any attempt aiming beyond a merely defensive containment; and, finally and supremely, the longing for freedom that neither material power nor terror nor death can blot out of the hearts of brave men.

The Tibetans have been, actually, very moderate in their goals. They have been willing, or at any rate resigned—now as in pre-Communist decades—to accept a Chinese suzerainty that left them with a modest degree of local rule under which they could continue their intensely religious mode of ancestral life. They learned, as all men must in the end learn, that Communism admits no compromise with *any* freedom. Mao's satraps have moved step by step to destroy the Tibetans' religion, to wipe out their traditional economy, to regiment them in robot communes, and to swamp them ethnically under hordes of faceless immigrants. For their God, their mountain land and their ancient freedoms, the Tibetans struck back.

Although the Tibetans are only a ragged handful against Mao's armed ten-millions, their revolt does not have to be a merely quixotic gesture. The Tibetan terrain is the most difficult on earth: a harsh, jagged plateau averaging more than 10,000 feet in altitude and guarded by the great white peaks of the Himalayas through which even the ice-strewn passes rise to 15,000 feet or more. There are no staging grounds for great armies; and neither local resources nor communication routes to supply them if they somehow arrived. Physically Tibet is well adapted to a drawn-out guerrilla war of attrition against alien invaders by a resolute local population.

Physically, such a war of liberation would have a chance of eventual success, and would meantime be a drain and a brake, politically and morally, on Mao's regime. But it is doubtful that the Tibetans, with their scant means, can sustain it in isolation. To subsist under guerrilla and resistance conditions they must have a minimum help: medicines; small arms and ammunition; communications equipment; some money, perhaps, and a few technically trained volunteers; diplomatic pressures on their behalf, and the assurance of the free world's political and moral support proclaimed through every suitable forum and channel.

This is not much to ask, nor very difficult to give. Will the free world, this time, find the will to listen, and to act?

NATO on its Birthday

The representatives of the fifteen member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, who meet in Washington this week to concert their plan for dealing with Khrushchev's Berlin provocation, are at the same time celebrating an anniversary. It was just ten years ago—April 4, 1949—that NATO came into formal existence through the signatures of the ten initiating powers.

Much has been written, and will still have to be written, about the faults and deficiencies of NATO, about its failures to reach projected goals, its cluttered and protocol-bogged command structure, and its waste of force through internal squabbles. The tenth birthday celebration ought, however, to be the occasion to place these shortcomings in perspective, and thereby to remind ourselves that NATO, as symbol and as fact, has been on balance a remarkable success.

Although Turkey is included and Spain, Switzerland and Sweden omitted because of special circumstance, NATO is, essentially, a coming-together of "the Atlantic Community." Confronting the mortal threat of the new barbarians that were surging out of the Eurasian steppes and had already conquered the eastern marches that had guarded Europe for a thousand years, the root nations of the West drew almost instinctively together with their two mighty daughters across the North Atlantic. By so doing they simultaneously expressed both their recognition that the real target of the barbarians is the Christian civilization of the West, and their resolve to defend their heritage.

Nor is NATO a mere resolve and hope. NATO, though it falls short of our needs and intentions, is a substantial reality, disposing of formidable arrays of men, machines, guns, planes, missiles and atom bombs. Moreover, in its direct and primary purpose, NATO has fulfilled its assigned mission. The barbarian advance into Europe, which had rolled forward in the years just preceding NATO's formation, which had swallowed Czechoslovakia in the midst of the NATO negotiations and was close to power even in France and Italy, halted; has even—in Austria—been pushed a few leagues back.

For the United States particularly, NATO meant a violent wrench. Never before in all our history have we committed ourselves in peacetime to a military alliance that identifies our own security with the security of others. So large a break with tradition can be justified only by an unprecedented challenge: such an ultimate challenge as the world Communist enterprise offers.

NATO's course, we may be sure, will never be serene. It requires an art of utmost delicacy to maintain a free alliance of free nations, an alliance that is neither a mask for slavery—like Moscow's Warsaw Pact—nor a façade of impotence. In his remarkable press conference last week General de Gaulle, replying to criticism of his decision to retain freedom of action for the French Mediterranean Fleet, pointed toward the *via media* that should be as convincing to American as to French sensibility:

"It seems to me the alliance will be the stronger and the more alive, the more the great states which are part of it unite on the basis of a cooperation where each pays his way rather than on that of integration where the states and peoples and governments see themselves, within the sacred domain of their defense, deprived more or less of their role and responsibilities."

Coming Up

What of Mr. Nixon in recent days? With the revivification of President Eisenhower, Mr. Nixon—as the situation inherently demands—has receded from the center of the stage. To the extent Mr. Eisenhower chooses to act as President, it is clearly his prerogative to do so, and we have nothing but the highest praise for his recent efforts to stand by Berlin, and resist the inflationists. The day is coming, however, when Richard Nixon will have to intimate, if not bare, his *Weltanschauung* to the people. He can hold off for many months yet. But not forever. At his inexorably approaching rendezvous with his interrogators he will have to speak, however obliquely, about his complicity in the Eisenhower Administration. The true friends of Mr. Nixon will welcome the confrontation, on the assumption that he will strengthen his appeal as he dissociates himself from Modern Republicanism's fitful approach to modern problems.

The Vice President has been lying low, but has not been inactive, politically. He has gained the services of Leonard Hall. Hall has the advantage of having once underestimated the drag of Nelson Rockefeller (during the campaign last year for New York's gubernatorial nomination) and is not likely to do so again as, in behalf of Nixon, he squares off to Rockefeller as Presidential aspirant. Hall happens to believe that the modulated approach to government problems is the very best *political* approach (he is himself a staunch conservative). Hence his frenetic (and synthetic, we devoutly hope) enthusiasm for Dwight Eisenhower during the catastrophic years 1952 to 1957 when Mr. Hall served the Republican Party as national chairman.

But Mr. Nixon appears to be his own boss, so that we can remain hopeful that when the epic contest is joined on the battlefield of New Hampshire or Wisconsin or wherever, Nixon will take the hard line: against the Collaborators and all their works; against the creeping neutralism of the Democratic Party; against the statist approach to the problems that beset the nation.

Another Look at Criticism of the Court

Mr. Alfred J. Schweppe, of the law firm of McMicken, Rupp & Schweppe in Seattle, rounded up a few comments from august judicial personages on the general subject of the propriety of criticism of the judiciary, and peppered his speech to the House of Delegates of the American Bar Association with them. The view is widely urged these days, for instance by the Attorney General of the United States, that criticism of the members of the Supreme Court is subversive of the processes of justice. Others have thought differently, Mr. Schweppe reminded the American Bar Association, in the course of an appeal to it to register disapproval of some of the Supreme Court's recent enormities. For example, there is Mr. Justice Brewer, who in his Lincoln Day Address, 1898 (15 Nat. Corp. Rep. 848, 849), said:

> It is a mistake to suppose that the Supreme Court is either honored or helped by being spoken of as beyond criticism. On the contrary, the life and character of its justices should be the objects of constant watchfulness by all, and its judgments subject to the freest criticism.

Again, we have the views of Mr. Justice Stone, as recorded by Professor Alpheus Thomas Mason in his recent book, *The Supreme Court From Taft to Warren* (Louisiana State University Press, 1958):

> The Justices themselves have been less anxious to black out knowledge of the Court's activity than are certain of its self-appointed protectors . . . In 1930 Justice Stone was quite undisturbed by the close scrutiny the Senate gave Mr. Hughes' nomination. Stone regarded it as evidence of "wholesome interest in what the Court was doing." "I have no patience," the Justice commented, "with the complaint that criticism of judicial action involves any lack of respect for the courts. Where the courts deal, as ours do, with great public questions, *the only protection against unwise decisions, and even judicial usurpation, is careful scrutiny of their action and fearless comment on it.*"

And even among the moderns, *e.g.*, Mr. Justice Black (*Bridges v. California*, 314 U.S. 252, 1941):

> The assumption that respect for the judiciary can be won by shielding judges from published criticism wrongly appraised the character of American public opinion. [And Mr. Frankfurter, on the same occasion]: Just because the holders of judicial office are identified with the interests of justice they may forget their common human frailities and fallibilities . . . Therefore judges must be kept mindful of their limitations and of their ultimate public responsibility by a vigorous stream of criticism expressed with candor however blunt.

Is such criticism effective? Indeed, maintained the late Mr. Justice Jackson in *The Supreme Court in the American System* (Harvard University Press, 1955) for "acceptance or criticism [of Supreme Court decisions] by the profession" is one of the most important criteria in determining a decision's "real weight in subsequent cases."

The 'Spanking Bill'

The legislature of the State of New York has passed a law (they call it the "spanking bill"), authorizing teachers to use "moderate" physical force when necessary to maintain discipline among unruly pupils. The act does not become law unless Governor Rockefeller signs it, and as we write he is wavering. A young man, he may be worried about losing the student vote when the present generation reaches its majority.

There are a number of interesting points involved, not the least of which is that there is lined up against the act a solid phalanx of the Liberal press, including even the urbane *New Yorker*, which did not hesitate to conjure up Dickensian visions of Dotheboys Hall-on-Hudson if the noxious measures were made law. The boards of education are against the bill for the reason that they are professionally Progressive and Permissive, which is to say for not very good reasons. The teachers themselves are, according to recent polls, overwhelmingly in favor.

The subject of corporal discipline always evokes the fear of an abuse of the power to inflict it—of bullying and sadism. The dangers are certainly real.

But *all* rights can be abused, which is not an argument for doing away with the rights. It does no good to lament the lack of discipline in many American classrooms and refuse to give the teacher the right to suppress brute and otherwise irrepressible insolence and insubordination with a reasoned use of force. The categorical negative of the Liberals on the subject of corporal punishment is related to deeply felt emotional and intellectual notions, having to do with the perfectibility of man, the pre-eminence of reason, and the sensitivity of the young *id* to permanent damage by the rough hand of discipline.

Our feeling on the subject is that the individual community, evaluating its own problems and how best to cope with them, should make its own mind up as to what, and under what circumstances, are appropriate disciplinary measures for its schoolchildren. We urge Governor Rockefeller to sign the bill, even if it hurts him more than it will the little brats whom the bill has its eyes on.

Notes and Asides

There is no fury like a subscriber crossed. NATIONAL REVIEW is written for, and sent to, the gentlest breed of men and women on earth, but in recent weeks we have strained your patience. There are some technical factors that bear on our shortcomings, which we take the opportunity to mention, in our plea for clemency.

1. Mail concerning a complaint or a new order naturally takes a few days to process. The resulting new or corrected addressograph plate must then await the next run of Magazine wrappers—and since the Magazine is a bi-weekly, that may be as long as two weeks away. Next, a further six days elapse before the Magazine, around which the wrapper is to be folded, comes off the press. Finally, add from two to four days' mailing time. That adds up to a possible four-week delay in starting a subscription or changing an address.

2. There is no doubt about it, our readers are the most peripatetic in the United States. We would sooner undertake to send NATIONAL REVIEW to nomadic Arab refugees, than to our list. Last week we had 297 changes of address! Plea from the circulation department: 1) please write your *old and new* addresses clearly, and *please* do not use a variant of the name to which your subscription is being sent. A post card reading "Please send my magazine to 1122 Mango Street Mangrove Calif., Robert Smith" can launch the circulation department into a year-long period of chaos, in the course of which we shall have succeeded in alienating every Robert Smith who reads NATIONAL REVIEW, and positively drowning Mango Street with copies of NR. 2) *Please* resist the temptation to write, "I shall be spending the winter in Sarasota, where my address will be X Y Z. I should be back home by Easter, so please change my address back at that time." Sorry: our prosaic machine just won't assimilate such data. Until we install electronic brains, we must ask you to write *each* time you want your address changed.

Again, 3) Our machine, we were told when we bought it, is the pride of the industrial revolution. Except that twice, now, we have caught it directing expiration notices to subscribers who still had *a full six months to go!* (It happened to the mother of the circulation department.) You notice, we do not reveal the trade name of the machine. Victor Borge begins his show by announcing that at the request of the Steinway Corporation he is announcing that his piano is a Knabe. That is the club we are holding over the heads of the manufacturers, as they pore over our machine with their screwdrivers trying to find out what went wrong. But we have warned them: if our readers are further maligned . . .

And finally 4) There is a sense in which most of our troubles are traceable to an *embarras de richesses*. Our Magazine circulation soared, we launched the Bulletin and it took in 7,500 subscribers; all this during a period when we moved from our old offices to other quarters, sent out and received enthusiastic responses to our Christmas and year-end promotions, and reorganized the internal staff to split up promotion and circulation.

There isn't anything we couldn't do, in the way of service, if we had the money. But for all our recent good fortune, we are still operating deep in the red, and all our efforts must go to keeping expenses down. We offer, then, our apologies for any mistake traceable to our sloppiness, and promise to do our cheerful best to handle your circulation—and your complaint—mail expeditiously in the future.

A year ago we took notice of a forthcoming lecture tour by Dr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, European correspondent for NATIONAL REVIEW. The response from our readers was enthusiastic, and we take pleasure in announcing that Dr. K-L will do it again this fall. He will be on the East Coast during the first fifteen days of October, then in the Middle West, and, in November, the Far West. Our correspondent is a man of formidable knowledge, the only rival we know of to Professor Irwin Covey, the comedian who announces himself as "The World's Foremost Authority." There is little that Dr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn does not know very much about. He is a man of wit and grace and learning, totally fluent in English, a superb public speaker. Those interested in engaging him for a lecture should write to him at Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

National Trends

The West's Three Faces East

FORREST DAVIS

A certain stubborn, if not disquieting, fact shines duskily through the cherry blossom-garlanded ceremonial, the ritualistic professions of Atlantic solidarity and the cabinet diplomacy of the foreign ministers at NATO's tenth anniversary council in Washington. The fact is that the Atlantic Big Three—de Gaulle's revivified France, Macmillan's England, held in uneasy suspense by the Tory Party's electoral necessities, and the United States under a newly energized President—present three sharply differentiated faces to Khrushchev's East.

The differences, running strongly beneath the surface of NATO comradeship, have been brought into contrasting light by glimpses into the Prime Minister's urgent defeatism, exposed privately while in Washington, together with President Eisenhower's "no bluff, no blackmail" rebuke to Macmillan's placatory attitude in his press conference of March 25, plus reliable advices on the French President's staunchly realistic provisos concerning the Summit.

These differences, lying deeper than the negotiating tactics involved in the concerted notes to Moscow of March 26, go to the varying natures of the respective statesmen and their situations. Macmillan, reflecting the habitually cynical pragmatism of Downing Street, his political anxieties and the survival-wish pacifism of a British public enervated more than we perhaps suppose by Bertrand Russellism, exhibited while here, or at least avowed, an unbecoming fear that Khrushchev intends war if thwarted over Berlin. That assumption, presumably derived by the Prime Minister from Khrushchev in Moscow, runs counter to General Eisenhower's matured strategical judgment that Khrushchev dare not invoke war and, hence, is seeking his ends by swagger and bluff. The President, moreover, if we may judge by the polls and the mail reaching him and Capitol Hill, has at his back an unterrified public willing that he should play out his hand to a showdown, however grim and unwelcome it might be.

Towering in a sense over these immediate and tactical considerations, President de Gaulle rejects Macmillan's exigency, takes his stand on the interests of France and Europe and displays a lofty unconcern over Khrushchev's true intentions.

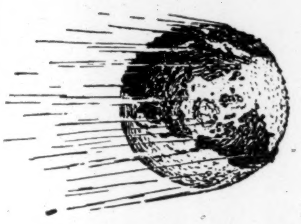
De Gaulle's approach to negotiating with Khrushchev, as I gather it from persons who have talked with him, is supremely logical. Holding that inasmuch as it is Khrushchev who brought on the Berlin crisis and who has agitated tirelessly for a Summit conference, the bowman of Lorraine believes that Khrushchev, not the Atlantic powers, should be put to the test. As de Gaulle sees matters, the aggressor Khrushchev has roiled the peace and order of Europe in more localities than Berlin. He has, for example, laid immense burdens on France by his incessant meddling in North Africa. De Gaulle wishes to inquire of the Soviet despot in person if supporting insurrection in Algeria accords with his professed desire to "lessen tensions." If Khrushchev shows at the foreign ministers' meeting of May 11 a tendency to leave off mischief-making, de Gaulle is ready to meet him, not in fear, not impelled by shallow humanitarianism, but as an honest man meets an adversary who owns a change of heart.

Fleet Street has been staking a claim for Macmillan as John Foster Dulles' successor as the Atlantic world's most influential statesman. In the event, it may be de Gaulle rather than Macmillan who will reach that eminence, bearing in mind always that the overwhelming weight of United States power entitles the President, when effective, to a scarcely disputable primacy of the West.

As matters go, Macmillan lost stature in Washington with the President and with certain congressional leaders who heard of his apprehensions at first hand. According to British press accounts, Macmillan suffered Khrushchev's threats in Moscow with a Guardsman's imperturbability. Yet some of Khrushchev's savagery struck home. Eisenhower pooh-poohed Macmillan's apprehensiveness at Camp David, but upon returning to Washington on Monday the Prime Minister again gave it voice, notably at a private gathering at the home of Vice President Nixon. He elaborated his dread at the prospect of a Britain razed by Soviet missiles, spoke of asking the Queen for leave to evacuate six million women and children to the Commonwealth should the Atlantic powers not satisfy Khrushchev and indicated, paraphrasing Winston Churchill, that he had not become the Crown's first minister for the purpose of liquidating half of all Britons.

He advanced two scarcely tenable theses in arguing for going to the Summit willy-nilly and there giving ground. First, that Britain would be the Number One target of Soviet vindictiveness, ignoring the fixed strategical presumption that Moscow would not risk an assault on intermediate enemies so long as American retaliatory power stood intact. Secondly, he urged immediate recourse to the Summit on the ground that Andrei Gromyko would have no primary capacity to negotiate, Khrushchev's being the only decisive voice in Moscow, forgetting that no foreign minister is a prime mover and that the West's insistence upon a preliminary meeting on that level is to try whether the perfidious Muscovites offer any hope of agreement at the top. If Eisenhower and de Gaulle felt as does Macmillan, Khrushchev would have every incentive to scuttle the foreign ministers' meeting.

The gravest consequences of Macmillan's default in Washington occurred in free Germany, where Chancellor Adenauer, already made mistrustful during the Prime Minister's visit to Bonn, had renewed reasons to suspect a subtle sellout. It is doubtful if the Chancellor, who relies on his nascent friendship with de Gaulle perhaps as much as on Eisenhower's steadfastness, has been reassured by the subsequent Bonn-London diplomatic exchanges that Macmillan is not prepared at the Summit to sacrifice German liberties to save England from Khrushchev's putative missiles.



West Europe: New Challenger

JAMES BURNHAM

We have been hearing a lot about "the Soviet economic threat." Under Khrushchev, so we are told, "economic warfare" has become the chief mode of East-West conflict. We are fed rich doses of Soviet economic statistics, and advised that somehow —ladling out "foreign aid" is the usual prescription—we "must meet the Soviet economic challenge."

Such talk must seem rather abstract to American businessmen. In actual business practice they seldom bump up against Soviet "threats"—*i.e.*, competition. Not many profitable deals are lost to Soviet principals.

Though American businessmen aren't much bothered by their enemy, Comrade A, they are having plenty of trouble from their good allies Monsieur B, Herr C, Signor D and Sir E. The businessmen of West Europe are beginning to move in with sharpened knives. Not only are they cutting us down to size in Latin America, Asia and Africa. They are pushing boldly right across our own doorstep.

Autos and Turbines

The late sorrows of our auto industry—for decades accepted as the symbol of our supremacy in the age of mass production—are eloquent. When NATIONAL REVIEW, several weeks ago, published the fact that in 1958 West Europe made more cars than the United States, indignant letters shot back from incredulous readers. Why it just *couldn't* be true! The truth, however, is sharper than the bare statistic. Europe, exporting about half its auto production, has virtually eliminated our cars from world markets. In spite of transport and handling costs and a tariff, the European manufacturers have been able to take over a juicy slice of our domestic market.

Or consider the electrical industry. In a number of publicized cases, European firms, meeting all quality specifications, have been able to underbid U.S. firms by 30 per cent to 40 per cent on heavy generating equipment delivered inside the United States.

Our watch industry is helpless against the Swiss watchmakers. European radios, cameras, Hi-Fi apparatus, optical equipment, typewriters—all of them now mass-produced in West European factories—can compete against ours in quality and price anywhere, including our home territory.

Against an average 3 per cent annual postwar rise in our Gross National Product, West Europe has averaged 5 per cent, with France and Germany much exceeding that figure. This rate has leveled off, and may somewhat decrease, but the staged integration of the Common Market, which began January 1 of this year, will of itself greatly increase West Europe's relative potential in the world economy.

Too Fat, Too Lazy

For forty years we have had it too easy. The First World War left Europe wounded, half-paralyzed and more fragmented than ever. For us the war was rather a stimulus than a hurt. American business has had its vast continental free domestic market. Because of that market, our fluid social relations and the genius of certain of our citizens, we were the first to introduce the new methods of mass production.

We grew to believe that the technological age belonged automatically to us. The world of the Second War and its goods-hungry aftermath seemed able to absorb anything we wanted to throw in.

Meanwhile we have failed to notice how fat and lazy our economy has become. Business administration has been bureaucratized, and loaded with non-productive deadweight. Swelling social services, subsidies and red tape are piled, through government, on the back of industry. Unresisted labor demands, far above increases in productivity, help drive costs up. Colossal defense expenditures, public works and foreign aid provide a soft, protected and wasteful market. A breakdown in labor discipline—the result of management passivity as well as of union provocation—lowers quality and still further lifts costs.

Our obsessive drive to expand consumption at a geometric pace has combined with the soft-sell market and misguided fiscal policies to divert our national energies from the upgrading of our productive plant. About three-quarters of our metal cutting and other machine tools—the ultimate material foundation of our economic power—are obsolescent. Both the Soviet Union and West Europe are now replacing their older tools with modern high-performance, low-cost equipment at a faster pace than we.

Warning Lights

The low European bids on the turbines, the world-wide guerrilla campaign of the European autos, the European steel for Niagara Power are red lights flashing a warning.

The initial response is not reassuring. Under slogans of "defense" and "protection of the American standard of living against cheap foreign labor," the cry goes up for higher tariffs, preference to American bidders, subsidies to U.S. firms. That is, both labor and management call on government to prolong the gravy-guzzling, to permit further postponement of the measures that must be taken if our economy is to sustain its predominant world position: cutting costs; raising administrative efficiency; restoring labor discipline; jacking up quality; installing new machines faster; countering, by such moves, inflationary trends. The way to meet the "threat" of British turbines—and in the long run the only way—is to build better turbines cheaper.

The newly surging economic power of West Europe will more and more be felt in international political affairs. France is now demanding more in NATO not just because de Gaulle is personally "stubborn" but because the factories of France and the Common Market are humming. We may soon have to deal again with allies instead of clients. The change may be good for us as well as for them.

Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Study in Political Silence

I've just returned from attending a couple of by-elections, a depressing occupation. With the party system as rigid as it is, by-elections are of little importance in themselves; but these two were scrutinized by platoons of political commentators seeking clues to the result of the next general election. And that result will be very important indeed, not only to Britain but to her allies.

The first of these by-elections was in the suburban constituency of East Harrow, a featureless waste of semi-detached villas; what one correspondent described as "not high society or low society but building society." There's hardly any unemployment in Harrow. The people are prosperous and contented, though the politicians drove up and down in loudspeaker vans trying to convince them they weren't.

The result was a victory for the Conservative candidate, Commander Courtney, but with a reduced majority. Courtney is a tough, breezy man, who served naval intelligence and has a special knowledge of Soviet affairs. He should make a useful, if not brilliant, member of Parliament.

The other election took place in South-West Norfolk, a rural constituency of fens and farms and scattered villages. Here the Socialists retained the seat and increased their majority.

The Tories are consoling themselves with the thought that South-West Norfolk is too remote and concerned with its own affairs to be typical of anywhere else except perhaps the rest of Norfolk. Certainly the price of potash and farm laborers' "tied" cottages were much hotter election issues than Berlin or the nationalization of steel. The personality of the candidates was important too. The Socialist, Mr. Albert Hilton, was described as "a Norfolk dumpling," which is apparently a term of endearment in those parts. The Conservative candidate was a woman. It doesn't help to be a woman in that sort of constituency, and she was just the sort of woman it doesn't help to be: restless and fussy and boasting about her honors degree in politics and economics.

When all extraneous factors have been discounted, the swing in the two by-elections proves to be much the same: The Socialist slightly more than 0.6 per cent up, the Conservative 3.2 per cent down. If this applied to the whole country at a general election, the result would be more or less a stalemate, possibly with the Conservatives winning but without a really workable majority. According to the "swing of the pendulum" theory, this is quite a satisfactory achievement after eight years in office: but the theory is not a comfortable one when you consider how many precious things could be irrevocably broken by even a short swing to the left.

The figures confirm what has become increasingly obvious: that this slight swing is against the Government and not towards the Socialists. The Labor Party has in fact proved incapable of exploiting it. Time after time its spokesmen have been verbally shot down in the House of Commons. In the country they keep referring to Suez and are now accusing the Government of similar folly in Rhodesia and Nyasaland. But the man-in-the-street was in favor of Suez and is unlikely to share the tenderness of left-wing intellectuals towards African nationalism. Those horses simply won't run.

Tour with Mr. Gaitskell

In the intervals of dashing about the world, Mr. Macmillan has squeezed in a few good-will tours at home. I watched him being cheered by shipbuilding workers in Belfast. Whatever the position of the Conservative Party, his personal prestige continues to mount. Mr. Gaitskell has been able to spend more time electioneering. I accompanied him on one tour, as he wended his dismal way through the raw red brick of housing estates, being photographed with some appealingly scruffy children, calling everyone Bill and Joe. He had tart things to say about a steel firm which failed to provide all the facilities he wanted, though it's beyond my comprehension why he should expect to be a welcome guest of the steel owners.

Wherever these great men go, little knots and rows of people watch them with the gently suspicious air of farm animals cautiously regarding strange intruders in their field. Britain is not politically minded at the moment, though the newspapers are trying to whip up some election fever.

It's the appalling artificiality of the issues which makes party politics so depressing. This doesn't mean that there aren't real issues of the utmost seriousness, but the ordinary platform speaker and party worker has no grasp of them. Even the parliamentary candidates are for the most part more at home with a cliché than an idea. The Conservative at South-West Norfolk spoke ardently (and in private conversation, mark you) about "the Prime Minister's wonderful work for peace." Her conception of what was then actually being discussed in Washington was almost as formalized and remote from reality as that of any farm laborer. The Socialist meanwhile was blandly attributing all the ills of inflation and unemployment to the wickedness of Tory policy.

The more I see of political activity, the more I realize that the affairs of this country, both domestic and international, are understood by only a tiny group of statesmen and top civil servants. These men have to try to keep the ship afloat and on course while almost everyone else on board is violently and ignorantly rocking it.

A tailpiece: What haven't even the politically minded been talking about these past few weeks? The Socialists, as I say, are fuming over Africa and the evils of colonialism. The Conservatives are boasting about the way in which Britain is leading the West towards a peaceful settlement with Russia. But nobody mentions Tibet, where I should have thought the issues were as clear as they can ever be in this muddled world. Tibet is a long way off and potash subsidies win more votes.

Folklore of the Right

Overestimation of the Kremlin's power to deceive and confuse the West, warns Mr. Lyons, leads to foolish myth-making and dangerous self-delusion

EUGENE LYONS

They [the Bolsheviks] aren't happy with anything that's on less than a world scale. For them transitional periods, worlds in the making, are an end in themselves. They aren't trained for anything else, they don't know anything except that. And do you know why these never-ending preparations are so futile? It's because these men haven't any real capacities, they are incompetent. Man is born to live, not prepare for life. Life itself, the phenomenon of life, the gift of life, is so breathtakingly serious! So why substitute this childish harlequinade of immature fantasies, these schoolboy escapades?

BORIS PASTERNAK in *Doctor Zhivago*

The Boris Pasternak story, you will be astonished to learn if you are a reader of the right-wing monthly, *American Opinion,* is "just another psychological trick of the Kremlin's propaganda machine." Moscow "planned the whole affair"—and we "are the suckers falling for it!" Anyone who has a good word for *Doctor Zhivago* is "soft in the head."

The suppression of the novel in Soviet Russia, its publication outside, the Nobel Prize renounced under duress, the angry Communist attacks on the book and its author—all of these are merely elements in a super-ingenious, super-diabolic plot to build up sympathetic acceptance and widest dissemination for a book Khrushchev wants you and me to read. He wanted it so badly that his minions labored on the imposture for at least two years.

As for the novel's professions of Christianity, humanism, individualism, conscience, etc., and its moving indictments of terror, injustice, thought control, materialism, etc.—simply "bait" to entrap free men, "even of the right wing," into promoting a book which, though deeply anti-Communist, is yet subtly anti-capitalist.

This grotesquerie is not a unique aberration. It happens to be typical of a process of myth-making in certain quarters, the deplorable end-product of which is sheer fantasy. The fact that it is inspired by honest anti-Communist emotion, and derives from the notorious Communist talent for lying and deception, makes the fantasy no less false, vulgar and harmful.

When the exiled Leon Trotsky left Europe in search of asylum, there were those who "exposed" the choice of Mexico as a Stalin operation to plant a powerful Communist agent right in our back yard. This theory, bizarre at the time and insane in the perspective of history, was actually credited in some circles and solemnly debated in others.

Tito's break with Stalin was quickly "unmasked" by several anti-Communists as a fake, a brilliant piece of Soviet stagecraft designed to extract money and weapons from Uncle Sam for Uncle Joe. This thesis, which seemed nonsensical to those of us who studied the documents in the explosion, was revived with I-told-you-so glee when Khrushchev, after Stalin's death, acted to liquidate the feud. Since then, of course, the feud has been renewed in all its pristine bitterness. There is ample room for argument about the wisdom of Western aid to Communist Yugoslavia but the fact of a struggle between Belgrade and Moscow, and now Peiping as well, is no longer in doubt.

Milovan Djilas, in *The New Class,* described himself as still a socialist and Marxist. Consequently there were those who raised questions as to the long-run value of the book. To me the doubts seemed unreasonable: Djilas' scathing critique of socialism in practice was so persuasive that it reduced to illogic his routine and nostalgic avowals of faith in theoretical Marxism. But among the questioners were some who saw the book as a hoax, perpetrated by Communists to promote the socialist idea in general even at the price of deadly derogation of the systems actually on display in Russia and the author's own country.

If ever there was a truly spontaneous revolt that took the Kremlin by surprise and sent chills down Communist spines, it was the one in Hungary. But to this day one runs here and there into passionate anti-Communists who prefer to see it all as Kremlin trickery—a rebellion deliberately provoked to crush the will to resistance and expose the helplessness and cowardice of the West!

Newest Myth

Thus the fantasy that the huge success of *Doctor Zhivago* "would be utterly impossible if the Kremlin . . . didn't actually *want* the book to sell" is only the latest in a long array of myths. It reflects the state of mind that attributes to the Communist movement supernatural cunning, unbounded powers of efficient planning, and a diabolism beyond human ability to cope with.

This is anti-Communism carried to an extreme of sophistication that is self-defeating—the kind that sees a "plant" in every prominent defector from Communism, an "agent" in every escapee from the Communist realm, a crypto-Communist in every opponent of Communism who fails to express his opposition in the ritual style of the sect.

More important, it reflects a state of mind which sees in the teeming internal problems, pressures and power struggles of the Communist world, from Trotskyism and the recent de-

Stalinization to the current campaign against so-called revisionism, only conspiracies designed to delude the infidels. It is obviously a stance that precludes the exploitation of these advantages in the contest with Communism.

Certainly there are elements of deception and large doses of semantic chicanery in all manifestations of Communist internal troubles. But to write them all off as propaganda devices, as shadow-boxing to confuse and disarm the innocents, is to concede to the Communist world a monolithic perfection, a superhuman cleverness, which do not and could not exist outside a fictional *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Those who see Communism in such Sophoclean terms might as well give up the fight, since the odds against mere mortals would be too steep to overcome.

Fortunately the myths do not survive the tests of reason. Communist leaders sometimes do die natural deaths. What seems to be happening sometimes is, in sober fact, happening. Defectors who do not make the distance from Communism to free enterprise in one big leap are not necessarily frauds, and those who discern evil in our world are not necessarily agents of Khrushchev's world.

The Kremlin's Real Reason

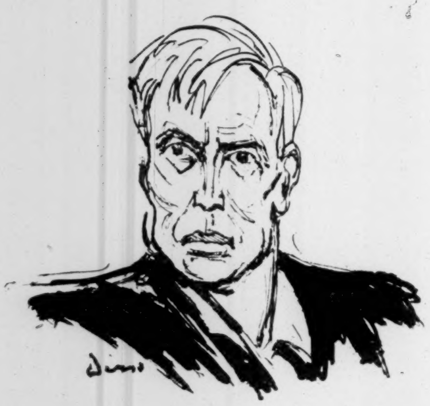
To argue, or even to prove, that Moscow might have handled the Pasternak affair more adroitly does not prove that it's all a Machiavellian charade. The common-sense realities of the case are that the Kremlin, rightly or wrongly, felt that it had no alternative but to try and discredit its country's leading poet; that it dared leave no margin for doubt that the views and values spelled out in *Doctor Zhivago* were deeply heretical and would not be tolerated; that it could not afford to allow its restive and soul-searching young people a hero and a rallying point in Pasternak.

The Kremlin never forgets that the Russian Revolution was made by the intelligentsia and that they may one day make another. Therefore words at home often give them more concern than missiles or hostile opinion abroad. Dr. Zhivago's impressive witness to "the irresistible power of unarmed truth"—

> I think that if the beast who sleeps in man could be held down by threats—any kind of threat, whether of jail or of retribution after death—then the highest emblem of humanity would be the lion tamer in the circus with his whip, not the prophet who sacrificed himself. . . . What has for centuries raised man above the beast is not the cudgel but an inward music: the irresistible power of unarmed truth, the powerful attraction of its example.

—this was hardly the kind of spiritual dynamite the hierarchs dared leave around for their subjects and victims.

The hoax thesis, as developed by *American Opinion,* rests mainly on a few paragraphs in the Pasternak work in which one of the characters is recalling the past. He talks of the contrasts between elegant streets and slum streets, conspicuous waste and awful wretchedness. Against this background he continues:



> What gave unity to the nineteenth century, what set it apart as one historical period? It was the birth of socialist thought. Revolutions, young men dying on the barricades, writers racking their brains in an effort to curb the brute insolence of money, to save the human dignity of the poor.
>
> Lenin [he goes on] fell upon the old world as the personified retribution for its misdeeds. And side by side with him there arose before the eyes of the world the vast figure of Russia bursting into flames like a light of redemption for all the sorrows and misfortunes of mankind.

Out of context this could, if one tried hard enough, be presented, in the words of *American Opinion,* as "the 'line' of Marxism." But it is more than that. It is a truthful and indispensable evocation of the mood of the century of the Russian Enlightenment. Dr. Zhivago and his circle belonged to that time and milieu. For the novelist to conceal how they felt and dreamed would have been falsification of history. Of necessity the book contrasts the horrors that came in the wake of revolution with the ardent expectations that went before. Had the nature of the illusions not been set forth, the tragic disillusionment would have been meaningless.

But to the myth-makers any reference to evil under the *ancien régime* or to evil, past or present, under capitalism, seems a left-handed justification of Communism. Even the fact that the novel shows "the *importance,* to the contemporary world and in world history, of this Marxian storm"—that is, the Russian Revolution—is cited as proof of the hoax. But is it not overwhelmingly important? And should not anti-Communists, in particular, emphasize the magnitude of its historic challenge?

"A Breath of Deliverance"

One other passage is singled out to support the myth. The German invasion of Russia in 1941 caught one of the characters in a hideous slave-camp, and he recounts how eagerly the prisoners went to the most dangerous fronts—as an escape from camp horrors. To this, his friend comments that "the war came as a breath of fresh air, a purifying storm, a breath of deliverance" to the entire population.

> Its real horrors [he says], its menace of real death, were a blessing compared with the inhuman reign of the lie, and brought relief because they broke the spell of the dead letter. . . . It was felt not only by men in your position, in concentration camps, but by absolutely everyone, at home and at the front, and they all took a deep breath and flung themselves into the furnace of this mortal, liberating struggle with real joy, with rapture.

This is decidedly one of the high points of the novel. All of Russia, Pasternak is saying, had become a slave-camp, and people preferred action, danger, to stagnation in servitude. The "liberating struggle" in the quotation refers to the hoped-for liberation from the reigning lie, from the dictatorship. This is made quite explicit, in fact, in the final paragraphs of the book, where the same friends attest sadly that the expected freedom did not come with victory; yet they hold to the faith that its shoots are pushing through the surface despite all that the rulers may do to stop it.

It is shocking that anyone should try to distort this aspect of the novel into a portrayal of "enthusiastic support of the Russian people for the despotism that took them into war." Pasternak is a Russian patriot. He clearly believes that the people fought heroically *despite* their abhorrence of Soviet conditions, in some degree as an escape from their ugliness, and especially in the naive conviction that victory would bring some human dignity. All of which is an attack on the despotism rather than a defense of it.

The attack is direct and savage in Zhivago's outburst at the old friend who has been telling how his eyes were opened by imprisonment and deportation (an outburst, be it noted, which punctures the cynical Bolshevik myth that the purpose of the whole nightmarish penal system is "political re-education"):

> I found it painful to listen to you Innokentii, when you told us how you were re-educated and became mature in jail. It was like listening to a horse describe how it broke itself in.

Nobel Prize Plot?

Other, lesser arguments are piled up, of course, to support the theory that the Kremlin "put over" *Doctor Zhivago* on the non-Soviet world. It is contended, for instance, that no writer who has not "in some way supported the Communist line" has in recent years won a Nobel Prize. The names of T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner and Winston Churchill are sufficient refutation of that exaggeration. Moreover, *American Opinion* insists, no one could have achieved near-unanimous critical acclaim and vast circulation if he were genuinely anti-Communist—that kind of success is impossible without the connivance of the Kremlin and its servants.

Myth, pure myth. It conveniently slurs over the fact that a good many books not beloved of the Kremlin—*Out of the Night, I Chose Freedom, Witness, Assignment in Utopia,* to mention a few—have done quite well. True, the literary domain is infested by fellow travelers, and many a deserving book of the Right has been smothered by these gentry. But it is no less true that some of those books simply lacked reader appeal. The implication that any anti-Communist book which wins a very large readership is really poison is hyperbolic nonsense.

To believe that *Doctor Zhivago* is a propaganda swindle requires that we credit the Moscow crowd with having conceived the plot nearly two years before the Nobel Prize came through, meanwhile manipulating the Stockholm committee, foreign publishers and critics in a dozen countries to extract the award in order that it might then be rejected amidst a hurricane of abuse of the author. Which is, to put it softly, a strain on common sense. Besides, it scarcely jibes with Moscow's frantic behind-the-scenes efforts to prevent publication of the novel abroad.

On Capitalism

The argument is, further, that there is not a single word "in the 559 pages of *Doctor Zhivago . . .* showing any favorable attitude of Pasternak for capitalism or capitalistic countries." (There is not a word glorifying capitalism in the Bible either.) The poet, most likely, is no admirer of capitalism. What he admires and defends are the fundamental values we cherish, and that is infinitely more important. It is not easy to explain why an anti-Communist magazine should not recognize that defense of such values is the essence of defense of our way of life.

Pasternak is not an economist but a poet and philosopher. He is not dealing with economic systems but with eternal verities. His great novel strikes at the core of the Soviet ideology in that he exalts man above the State, life above terrestrial dogma (and that would include capitalist dogma), conscience above conformity, religious insights above sociological forms. The literary commissars in Moscow who turned down his book—in a long letter not originally intended for publication—told the real story in two sentences:

> The thing that disturbs us about your novel is something that neither its editors nor the author can alter by cuts or revisions. We mean the spirit of the novel, its general tenor, the author's view of life.

Only someone bereft of his senses could conceivably be converted to Marxism by *Doctor Zhivago.* Its total effect is a devastating revulsion against Communism in practice.

No Propaganda Chances

As a brake on their zeal, the folklorists should understand that the Kremlin's paramount concern is the maintenance of power. In matters affecting its rock-bottom security, its monolithic structure, its defense against actual and potential domestic threats, it never takes undue chances. Clever lying to disorient the enemy stops where the safety of the regime begins. On things like Trotskyism, the Titoist heresy, revisionism, rebellions in its empire, or a book like *Doctor Zhivago,* it cannot risk speculative propaganda tricks.

The Communist skill in trickery hardly justifies any of us in tricking ourselves. The trouble with such exercises in self-delusion is that, by reducing valid distrust of Communist behavior *ad absurdum,* they undermine the effectiveness of exposures of genuine Communist duplicities.

"Give Us Another Slice"

(after Lewis Carroll)

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking down the street.
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of wheat.
It seemed a shame that there should be
Much more than we could eat.

"If Congressmen and Senators
Keep jabbering for years,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"Their alligator tears
Would at the least to some extent
Alleviate our fears?"

"These surpluses," the Walrus said,
"We mustn't ever touch.
We need them in our system, for
Our policies are such
That we can never have enough
Unless we have too much."

ELLIS O. JONES

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Depressed Areas—and Depressing Thinkers

A year or so ago this department reported on the so-called Sanford Movement in Maine—the Down East version of the tried-and-true method of capitalistic self-help which has succeeded in revivifying scores of ghost areas from Laconia, N. H., to some of the hard coal towns of eastern Pennsylvania. The Sanford idea is both foolproof and sure-fire—and it doesn't require a red cent from Washington, D. C. It merely demands enough gumption on the part of local citizens to buy up the old mill down by the falls of the river for lease (in appropriate small sections) to modern electronics or specialty companies which need a lot of skilled and semi-skilled labor.

Despite the success of the Sanford formula, Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois has apparently never heard of it. How else explain his $389,500,000 bill to provide federal aid to depressed areas—or to the "scores of communities" which the Senator finds "withering on the vine"?

Senator Douglas is a good economist—good, that is, within the boundaries of his assumptions, which are Keynesian. A believer in Macroeconomics, Douglas bows low to the fetish of the Gross National Product. He sees that unemployment stands at 4,700,000. These workless men and women aren't contributing to the GNP. So they must be put back to their labors in the same old mills, in the same old places. Otherwise their towns will continue to "wither."

The trouble with this type of reasoning, as Henry Hazlitt points out in his forthcoming work on Keynesianism, is that it represents "lump" or "block" reasoning. Instead of thinking of "adjustment" as an individual process, the Keynesian with the "depressed areas" bill endeavors to come up with a magic formula for restoring a dead *status quo ante*. In Michigan, Detroit must be saved as Detroit, and Flint as Flint. It does not matter that people aren't buying Buicks (made in Michigan) but are buying Ramblers (from Kenosha, Wis.) and Larks (from South Bend, Ind.). No, the Michigan car-building population must be subsidized to build cars in Michigan, not anywhere else.

This type of thinking leads, logically, to the concept of stockpiling Buicks. That the logic is ridiculous does not cause the Macroeconomists to waver. They have been going on this way ever since the 1930's. Is agriculture failing to keep its end up as a contributor to the Gross National Product? Then pour money into stockpiling cotton, corn, wheat and peanuts. Is the construction industry falling off, with a resultant GNP dip? Then turn to the Beardsley Ruml plan for subsidizing the building trades as an economic "flywheel." Is a shipbuilding town in the dumps? Then, for Heaven's sake, let the government order a few more destroyers.

The "lump" apostles of the GNP are perfectly willing to conceive of wealth as the multiplication of inessentials just so long as people are kept at work and areas are kept from "withering." Nobody among them bothers to worry about what the forced application of capital to the continuance of useless "lumps" means to progress in general. But what if GNP and "depressed area" thinkers had been in charge in 1900? Would they have subsidized the Studebaker Company to go on producing *wagons*? Would they have poured money into the hay, grain and feed business?

Walter Reuther has been worrying about the impact of automation on his union: if the Ford cylinder block can be made without the interjection of a human hand, what is the automobile worker to do? No doubt Mr. Reuther, as a practical labor leader, has a problem—and Senator Douglas is confusedly trying to help him out. One wonders, however, if either Mr. Reuther or the Senator has been traveling around the country of late. Can't they see that a lot of those "depressed" people from Michigan and Minnesota are busy tending motels in Albuquerque and Sarasota? The people have simply pulled up stakes and moved. The huge multiplication of motels and motel keepers is the other face of the "ebbing away" of populations from areas which Senators Douglas and Javits have been weeping about in public over the American Forum of the Air radio program.

In England they once had a law which prevented an indigent from leaving the village in which he first went broke. The law did nothing to solve the problem of the "depressed" English agricultural counties. Nor could the British magistrates succeed in subsidizing those counties back to a place in the sun. It wasn't until the despised and derided Manchester soaked up the indigents (who simply refused to stay put no matter what the law said) that depressed areas disappeared from Berkshire and Suffolk.

To return to the "withering" American areas: the "withering" of one region is usually another region's burgeoning. If it's "down" with Flint, Michigan, then it's up with Kenosha, Wisconsin. But—and this is the point which Senator Douglas might apprehend if he would quit his "block" or "lump" Macroeconomic thinking and return to the older individualistic "economics of the firm"—there is never any reason why an individual or a community must stay down. Let Senator Douglas look into the history of Danbury, Connecticut, if he wants proof. Danbury's payroll was once virtually 100 per cent in hats. When college boys began going hatless, Danbury didn't run to Washington for money. It simply drummed up some local capital, built some attractive new factory buildings, and enticed helicopter and shoe companies into the area. No place "withers" for very long: the individual inhabitants thereof simply find new things to do, or new ways of doing old things.

America, in the past, has grown by lopping off the inefficient margin. Senator Douglas wishes to preserve all marginal regions, inefficient or not. For his services to the status quo he is known as an eminent Progressive. Humpty Dumpty could not have ordered things better.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Tune is Wrong

A friend of NATIONAL REVIEW, a man for whose contributions to the fight against Communism I have the greatest respect, writes to challenge my negative estimate of Harry and Bonaro Overstreet's book, *What We Must Know about Communism* (*NR*, February 28). Their book is, he thinks, "the best job that has yet been done on the subject from the viewpoint in which it was presented."

That viewpoint is the viewpoint of Liberalism and relativism, and I would maintain that what the Overstreets do is certainly far from the best that has been done, even from that position. Sidney Hook and a whole battery of writers for the *New Leader* have long since pressed the dialectic between Liberalism and Communism as far as it will go. To the degree that it is possible to mobilize determined resistance to Communism on the basis of the Liberal outlook, they have done it.

But it is not because there have been better critiques of Communism from the Liberal point of view than the Overstreets' that I criticized it as I did. There have been worse ones too. The Overstreets have done their homework reasonably well; their book shows acquaintance with the mass of documentation on Communism that has been accumulated in recent years; and even though their citation of Communist sources is largely from secondary authorities, and sometimes vitiated by the psychologism of such interpreters as Nathan Leites, the material quoted is relevant.

Despite all these good features, however, the net effect of the book, either as a presentation of what Communism is or as an instrumentality for the strengthening of our anti-Communist action, is unsatisfactory. Many of the details are right, but the over-all result is wrong. It is as though the Overstreets were singing a song, all the words of which they had learned but the tune of which they simply could not grasp.

No matter how much they read, they cannot understand Communism because a dry and bloodless philosophy shuts them off from an understanding of what Western Christendom has been and what it still can be, from an understanding of the nature and the destiny of men, from an understanding of what the titanic struggle with Communism is about. Certainly, when we are approaching the sharpest crisis in the war of Communism on the West, when what is demanded of us is firmness and a willingness to die if need be, understanding of the enemy will not be enhanced, nor the kind of desperate determination we need be inspired, by the pallid preferences the Overstreets offer us.

What is missing from their presentation of Communism is both its evil and its strength. And this for good reason. Like all the scientistic, they cannot grasp its evil because their scientism blinds them to the impiety that puts man in the seat of God, the impiety expressed in the central Marxist statement: "Philosophers have previously thought about the world; the point, however, is to change it."

To think about the world, to understand as best one can the truth given to men by their Creator and to try to live by it: this is the content of the high tradition of the West, as, with less exalted consciousness, it has been of all civilizations. It is something to live for and to die for. Against it, the Communist faith—that man can make himself and his world—stands as an absolute opposite. But this too is a faith—an evil faith, but still a faith—and from this faith the strength of Communism proceeds.

To the Overstreets, however, this confrontation of two faiths—one true, the other false; one glorying in creation, one bent on twisting and turning the world to the specifications of an overweening ideology—to the Overstreets this confrontation does not exist. What they would bid us see as the glory of our civilization is its "methods," and what they concentrate upon in their indictment of Communism is its methodology. Granted, some of the methods they see as the characteristic virtues of our civilization are good methods ("the parliamentary process," "federal structure"); but some ("reform," "multiple experiment centers") are meaningless unless they are related to substantive ends, ideals, values. And all are secondary to the fundamental beliefs which have made the West and which alone can justify resistance to Communism *à outrance* in an atomic age. Who wants to die, why *should* anyone want to die, for "multiple experiment centers"?

From the beginning of the book, when they speak of Communism as an enigma, to the end when, basing themselves upon Norman Cousins, they propose as our primary goal something called "inclusiveness" (that is, it would seem, a globalled equalization of everybody's experiment centers), the Overstreets never come to grips with the basic issue.

"A strange new force has entered our world," they write, "the strangest and most enigmatic in all history." But there is nothing enigmatic about the meaning and the values of Communism, however contradictory and devious Communist tactics may seem to be. In the *Communist Manifesto* Marx and Engels wrote 110 years ago: "Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions." And no Communist has ever repudiated those words.

Their goal is clear, and their tactics would be ineffective if we, basing ourselves upon our own values, would always keep before us our duty to destroy so sworn and open an evil. Our tactics *should* be the easier and the more effective because the ends of our enemy are so openly expressed—but they *will* be only if we keep the issue clearly in mind and stand firmly for those ultimate values upon which our glory has been raised. Books like *What We Must Know about Communism*, emanating from minds that grasp neither the ultimate good of our heritage nor the ultimate evil of Communism, confuse the issue and blunt determination.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Michigan: Ruined by Education

Whenever anyone timidly recommends some prudent economy in governmental expenditure, there is an energumen ready to wail, "But can we afford *not* to?" Can we afford *not* to provide milk for all Hottentots, or *not* to build a big swimming pool in the middle of the newest junior high school?

Well, in private life, when a family's expenditures amount to 150 per cent of the family's regular income, there are certain things one *must* afford to do without: color television, for instance, or a toy poodle for Nancy. Otherwise, soon or late, the bank will foreclose the mortgage. And so, soon or late, it is with state expenditure.

The State of Michigan now is ready for the court bailiff—or would be, if anyone could obtain a judgment against a state. Michigan's treasury cannot pay next month's salaries for civil servants, or the staffs of the state universities and colleges, or the promised aid to school districts. Governor Williams is endeavoring to persuade the legislature to increase the debt limit by fifty million dollars, and to levy a progressive income tax, and a corporation tax, and any other taxes—except Ole Debbil Sales Tax—anyone can think of. For a good while now, the state has been living beyond its means. And the day of reckoning is at hand.

Taxes are not low in Michigan: there is a sales tax of 3 per cent already, and real and personal property taxes are burdensome. Where does all the money go? For the most part, into schools, colleges and universities. Michigan is perhaps the first state in history to spend the greater part of its revenues on schooling. If one adds the amount spent by local and county units on the schools, at least two-thirds of Michigan taxes are expended on education.

Part of this extravagance is not the state government's fault; for ten years ago, the educationist lobby diverted a large part of the state sales tax, by constitutional amendment, to the direct support of school districts—fiscal idiocy, but political expediency. Even when allowance is made for this diversion of revenues, however, the state's appropriations for education are extravagant, and great economies could be made without injuring real schooling.

With a population much smaller than California's, and an economy now far less vigorous than California's, Michigan supports a high-education structure, for instance, on the Californian scale. Per capita, Michigan has some *five times* as many students in state colleges and universities as New Jersey. More than 85 per cent of Michigan students are enrolled in state institutions; and the empire-builders of state education are eager to take away most of the 15 per cent of the student body remaining in private colleges. Most professors in Michigan complain of the apathy and ignorance of a large proportion of their students, and confess that many undergraduates ought to be in no college at all; yet the empire-builders continue to demand larger appropriations, "so that no one may be denied the privilege of a higher education." Here is real room for economy.

Michigan supports nine state universities and colleges directly—plus assisting several "community colleges" in cities and counties. These nine institutions demand a total of $165,393,455 for the 1959-60 year. There are three giants: the University of Michigan, Michigan State University (these two each with more than twenty thousand students), and Wayne State University. Three new "universities" (formerly teachers' colleges) have been created recently: Western Michigan, Central Michigan, and Eastern Michigan. There exists gigantic duplication of function, especially between Ann Arbor and East Lansing (the University of Michigan and Michigan State); and the new universities and the state college go on proliferating new departments and offering new graduate degrees (sometimes with insufficient books in the library to justify real graduate study). The campuses extend to thousands of acres, with street on street of luxurious housing for married students. Michigan has created, in fine, a series of country clubs for young people—but clubs that operate all round the clock. Not content with this, the University of Michigan is building an entirely new campus, some twenty-odd miles from Ann Arbor; and Michigan State is building another campus sixty miles away from home base, in Oakland County.

I venture to suggest that great internal economy could be effected at all these institutions. Take Michigan State, for instance. At the East Lansing campus, there are 44 courses in hotel and restaurant management; 106 courses in sociology and social work; 163 courses in home economics (eight of these in "nursery schools"); 114 courses in speech; and 333 courses in education. (If one enrolled in all the courses in education, but in no other courses, it would take him some twenty years to get through college.) Among the offerings of the College of Education are "Personnel Work in Residence Halls"; "Fly and Bait Casting"; "Square Dance and Square Dancing"; "Organization and Conduct of Large Scale Activities"; "Philosophy of Physical Education"; "Analysis of Problems of Dance Education"; "Outdoor Programs in Recreation." (Most of these 333 courses are duplicated in the even larger College of Education at Ann Arbor.) A student can enroll in a four-year curriculum in Packaging, or in Agricultural Journalism. There is one small department: Religion, with a mere 24 courses.

If you can't contrive to pass the courses of a real college, in short, Michigan State—or most of the other Michigan institutions—will invent a curriculum that *anybody* can master. But alas! In the year of Our Lord 1959, someone at last has to pay the piper. Perhaps the Michigan legislature may decide that *real* higher education would benefit by a prudent reduction of educational boondoggle budget-requests.

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

The Young Burke

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN

When Edmund Burke was in his fortieth year and fame was fast enveloping him, he looked back upon a pattern of personal history marked by such unforeseen twists and turns that his naturally vivid sense of providential direction was sharpened. He had started life as the second son of a Dublin solicitor of middling fortune who conformed to the established Church of Ireland but was married to a Catholic wife—a worldly disadvantage under the proscriptive penal laws of the early Georgian era. By 1768, however, Burke was a shining figure in the British House of Commons to which he had been twice elected; had planted himself in the landed gentry of Buckinghamshire and become the valued friend and counselor of the chiefs of the Whig aristocracy.

The threads that link the Dublin boy to the talented parliamentarian are disclosed in copious detail in the first volume of *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke* (Chicago, $8.00), edited by Professor Thomas W. Copeland of the University of Massachusetts. It covers the period from 1744, when Burke entered Trinity College, to the spring of 1768, and will be followed by nine more volumes on which other editors are working under Copeland's general supervision.

At the beginning nothing in Burke's nature or circumstances pointed toward the House of Commons and the Whig Party; he even reached the age of thirty before a sign was given that his future would be supremely political. While he was an undergraduate at Trinity his intellect, fortified by extraordinary powers of imagination, raced and relished in every direction but politics. His ambition was to be a writer; he was fascinated by aesthetics, morality, the human passions, and taste. A stern and irritable father, however, meant to make a lawyer of young Burke and had him enrolled at the Middle Temple, whither he went in 1750 but not without an *arrière pensée.* There is a striking contrast between how much can be known of Burke in his college years and the obscurity into which he almost disappears for a long time after 1750. This is because his many letters to Shackleton, which were preserved in the latter's family, dwindle after he went to London, and for a decade so few of his letters survive that his biographers have called this period "the missing years."

Little more can be learned of him than that he struck up a friendship that proved life-long with a distant relative, William Burke; that together they traveled about the country, going sometimes into France; that Burke's health was not sturdy; that he presently forsook the law for Grubstreet and enraged his father; that he published in 1756 a startling volume entitled *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful,* and hoaxed the public with another book in satirical imitation of the principles and style of Lord Bolingbroke; that he helped "Cousin" Will write *An Account of the European Settlements in America* (1757); that he married Jenny Nugent about the same time, lived in her father's house, and needed money so urgently that he undertook for 100 pounds a year to edit printer Dodsley's *Annual Register* and write a history of England.

Toward the end of the 1750's the mists that hide him begin to clear. He can be glimpsed in the drawing rooms of the bluestockings, capturing the attention of a literary society in which political figures mixed. Some people saw only an adventurer with a brogue, socially derivative from nowhere, but Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu discerned "an ingenious and ingenuous man, modest and delicate, and on great and serious subjects full of that respect and veneration which a good mind and a great one is sure to feel, while fools mock behind the altar . . ." A government job with a salary and enough leisure for continued literary pursuits now began to look possible to Burke, who could not live by his pen alone, and he sought the consulship at Madrid, but without success.

THEN William Gerard Hamilton, an ambitious member of Parliament with a seat on the Board of Trade, in 1759 engaged him as a secretary or "companion of studies" in the common manner of politicians who bought brains to raise their own reputations. Two years later Hamilton was appointed secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Burke spent two parliamentary winters in Dublin assisting his employer in managing the Irish legislature. In 1764 Hamilton lost his place and soon afterward Burke came to the conclusion that this man was not only a foolish politician with an unpromising future but a slave master and altogether detestable character; hence he parted from him, luckily in time to be numbered among "the honest necessitous" who sought for places when the King changed his ministers in 1765. Good character, large knowledge and ability, and some well-placed friends recommended him to the Marquess of Rockingham, who succeeded George Grenville at the head of the Treasury. Burke became his private secretary. Mutual confidence, admiration, and affection grew quickly between them. No man then alive excelled the Marquess in generosity, honor, charm of manners, and the art of drawing men of high worth into his circle of friends; but in talents or "parts" he was deficient exactly where Burke was strong, that is, in the articulation of thought; so that nature may be said to have formed these men to complement and serve each other, as indeed they did to the end of Rockingham's life.

By early 1766 Burke was in the House of Commons distinguishing himself in the debates on repeal of the Stamp Act, and when Lord Chatham a little later succeeded to ministerial power on a principle hostile to the very existence of political parties, Burke became in opposition a principal figure in the famous corps remembered as the Rockingham Whigs. Only then did he reach the threshold of his career; and paradoxically, only then, when he had become a professional politician, did he begin to produce masterpieces of English literature.

THE FIRST VOLUME of this edition of his letters, covering this period, is a skillful and beautiful work that merits unstinted commendation.

Some of the praise Burke once uttered of Montesquieu—"nerves not to be broken by labour; a man who could spend twenty years of his life in one pursuit"—is also due to Professor Copeland. Although only seven years have passed since he organized an Anglo-American group of distinguished scholars to plan and execute this project, the reviewer knows that its conception dates back more than twenty. At that time he and Mr. Milton Shumway Smith were patiently preparing a massive catalogue of Burke's extant correspondence (in manuscript as well as in print) which time and the tides of circumstance had scattered among scores of libraries and private collectors on both sides of the Atlantic and in more than two hundred diverse books and periodicals. Hence no small part of the research requisite to the great enterprise had already been done by the time the idea of it was brought into the domain of things possible—when in 1949 the Fitzwilliam family released to scholars Burke's private papers along with those of his most intimate political friends, Rockingham and the second Earl Fitzwilliam.

No previous editor of Burke's letters has matched the present work in measure of learned annotation. A ramified research in the most varied political, literary, legal and other kinds of materials has pinned the letters close and tight to the texture of Burke's scene of life—even to the identification of Dublin shopkeepers and barber-surgeons and characters in long-forgotten books. Some critics may think the notes have been pushed to the borders of pedantry, but this reviewer is lost in admiration for such scholarly thoroughness. There is but one fair criticism that historians —distinguishing them from the faculty of English literature, to which Professor Copeland belongs—may make. Comparatively few of the letters to Burke are reproduced, the other side of the correspondence being dealt with by descriptive statement and occasional partial quotation in headnotes set over Burke's compositions; so that, strictly speaking, the title of the series should be the *letters* of Edmund Burke rather than his *correspondence*. Hence when the ten volumes are completed and Burke's epistolary *omnium* stands definitively on the shelf, it will still be necessary for scholars to consult his private papers and numerous other partial editions of his correspondence in order to read most of the letters that were written to him.

Liberal Mandarin in Moscow

FORREST DAVIS

TO THE practicing Liberal statesman circa 1959 the pilgrimage to Moscow is more than a pious opportunity. A conducted whirl through the Soviet empire, capped by an audience with the primitive Vozhd, Nikita S. Khrushchev, unhappily rates the traveler as an authority on the polity, the mores and the industrial giantism of the enemy.

Adlai E. Stevenson, a cheery Mandarin of the sketchily tolerant Liberalism that refuses to be beastly to the Russians, has made his pilgrimage, and his lyrical impressions of organized hospitality, of gay vodka and champagne picnics in Kazakhstan, and of Khrushchev as a "jolly, agile and able boss" are now within hard covers as *Friends and Enemies* (Harper, $2.95). Mr. Stevenson's slim travelogue, flowing through long stretches with the artless felicity of a résumé in *National Geographic,* does little to confute my dour conclusion as to the intellectual sterility of co-existential Liberalism. In truth it confirms a gloomy view that what ails the Republic at this historic moment is not so much that Johnny can't read as that so many public men lack a minimum capacity to read, study, relate and compare.

Mr. Stevenson's graceful thank-you note to the Soviet functionaries and subjects ordered to do him honor in European Russia, along the Volga, in Uzbekistan and Siberia, would be innocent enough if it were not for his eminence in Suburbia and on the campuses as a philosopher-statesman. His Potemkin tour of state farms in Central Asia and factories in the Urals would have been more enlightening had he heeded the injunction of the Mufti with whom he lunched in Tashkent to believe what he saw, not what he heard. The gaping trouble with the touring two-time Presidential nominee and 1960 potential was that, accepting what he heard, he saw what he saw through Soviet eyes. The "able" commissars

VODKA
CAVIAR

with whom Mr. Stevenson exchanged views, including Khrushchev ("unpretentious and jovial . . . his laugh quick and infectious"), who informed him in his merry way that the world is "inexorably going Communist," were so charming that he neglected to perceive the Soviet reality in depth.

Mr. Stevenson carried into the

USSR a firm conviction that Communist discipline had produced an industrial miracle. Obviously unfamiliar with David J. Dallin's projections of where the normal growth pattern of pre-Revolutionary industry would have carried a Russia unblighted by Bolshevism, Mr. Stevenson admiringly confirmed his conviction. His admiration was something more than grudging. Khrushchev's claims that his current Seven-Year Plan will provide his subjects with "the highest living standard in the world" were subjected to no critical analysis. Mr. Stevenson felt the concerted thrust of a great society, enslaved and in step, with a sense of wonder unmodified by the backward aspects of agriculture and his untrained guess that in Soviet factories it takes two workers to do the work of one in America.

IT IS, however, on the social scene, presumably the special province of the Liberal, that Mr. Stevenson's appraisals are most inadequate. Although he fails to dwell on what Justice William O. Douglas and Robert F. Kennedy found as to the ruthless suppression of Islamic culture in Central Asia, Mr. Stevenson does make passing and ritualistic reference to the tragic lot of the Soviet people generally, dammed away as they are from the moving stream of mankind and forged into a huge instrument for world conquest.

He records the refusal of the Kremlin to open the air waves to foreign fact and thought. He notes Anastas I. Mikoyan's barbaric satisfaction that his own efforts to tune in the Voice of America or the BBC had been frustrated. He deplores the absence of foreign newspapers, periodicals and books, and reports the despairing reply of Leningrad students when he invited them to visit him: "How?" Yet he concludes that the Soviet Union is politically "stable"; its peoples "proud and loyal like most citizens everywhere." An observation which could only be superficial and which Eugene Lyons, citing the hermitlike conditions imposed on the people, the insistent drone of *ex parte* propaganda and the paraphernalia of the police state always at hand, demolished in the *New York Times*.

The truth is that Mr. Stevenson emerged from Moscow scared (in his self-deprecating, well-bred way) stiff. Optimistic about the future of the rigid, monolithic structure he had just penetrated, the Sage of Libertyville was correspondingly pessimistic about his own fin-tailed, undisciplined, free, fluid and tractable society. Because the Soviet empire is mighty and likely to prevail, Mr. Stevenson counsels concessions little short of surrender.

It is a categorical imperative of our survival, as Mr. Stevenson proclaims it, that we "coexist"; that we supply Khrushchev with such goods and services as he demands in the hope that "an affluent society" will be decreasingly "despotic." Our government, says this leader of the Opposition, should unilaterally abandon all barriers to economic and cultural intercourse; meet with Khrushchev anywhere, any time, and invite that malignant peasant to Illinois to "see how high the tall corn grows." Furthermore, Mr. Stevenson recommends drastic measures at home. Alarmed over Moscow's economic competition abroad and forgetting the $80 billion we have sent overseas since 1946, he believes we may need to improvise new forms of "state trading." Having experienced the smooth operation of totalitarian diplomacy, Mr. Stevenson, I gather, shares Walter Lippmann's impatience with popular and

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congressional influence on policy-making in international affairs.

The most disquieting aspect of Mr. Stevenson's counsel of fear is its lack of dimension. The moral factor, which we of the West have been taught to believe fundamental to politics, is missing. In fact, his specific complaint about the "negative" Eisenhower-Dulles policies *vis-à-vis* world Communism is of their "self-righteous moralizing." He lists the political, economic and military challenges posed by the mortal enemy of the West. But he omits the moral challenge as he avoids the crux of the world problem, *i.e.*, that Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism is obsessively vowed to the total destruction of the immense, organic and aspiring values of all Western societies. The enemy is not turbines, dynamos and production graphs, but a *mystique* which insists upon encompassing the whole of man and the whole of society.

It would be too easy to describe the Stevensonian message as appeasement. Shallow defeatism is a better term. The discouraging reflection upon his deductions is that they so accurately mirror contemporary Liberalism—pragmatic, disdaining the moral quotient, ignorant of history and emotionally biased toward totalitarianism of the Left. When Col. Charles A. Lindbergh cried havoc about the weight of Nazi armament he was pilloried by a President of the United States and harried by a press justifiably outraged by the crimes of the Hitlerian dictatorship. Lindbergh did not describe the evil genius of the Third Reich as "jolly, agile and able." Other times, other fashions. It is unlikely that Mr. Stevenson will be as unfashionable.

Spring Fiction

"Whan that Aprille . . ."

ROBERT PHELPS

For me a novel, as distinct from a poem or a play, has at least one absolute obligation: to acquaint me with some people in whose existence I can believe. I don't have to like these people, nor is it necessary that I respect them, share their presumptions, or even understand them. I must only be convinced, while I hold their book in my hands, that they are unique members of the human race. I must be able to suspend my awareness that the blurb has called their lives a "fiction." If their author does not enable me to do this, then whatever his intentions, I cannot call him a novelist. He may be an allegorist, a fabulist, a fantasist, a great man, a poet, anything else in the dictionary. But he is not a novelist.

I would hardly feel obliged to confirm so unstartling a *parti pris* if, in reading through a random decade of spring novels, I had not found that only two gave me any serious sense of encountering the children of Adam. It is—well, curious, anyway—to see how many infra-novels there are among us, how much literal fiction is on the market, and how few books there are which take the trouble, or have the power, to evoke credible people. For instance, in Erskine Caldwell's new novel, *Claudelle Inglish* (Little, Brown, $3.75), there are names, circumstances, woodlands, automobiles, but the human beings are so many total eclipses.

Mr. Caldwell is a sensible professional, and I am sure he intended to write another legally libidinous account of Eros in Georgia, Desire among the Sharecroppers, Sex and the Illiterate. To tell the truth, I wish he had. As it is, he has only given stage directions. At one point, a young woman called Claudelle lifts her dress "as far as it will go" to show her body to a speechless widower. Now if she were more than a name and a gender, this act might mean something—might seem pathetic, or vicious, or perverse, or conceivably even courageous. But Claudelle is so vacuum-packed, so uninhibited by any believable identity, that her gesture remains abstract, impersonal, and as morally or psychologically *invisible* as her toneless speech—all in a sort of robot's basic English, unflawed by even a dialect—is inaudible. In other words, it's all merely fiction, and cannot even be accused of viable pornography. There is only indifferent prose, feeble plotting, and possibly the most colorless dialogue being written today.

In *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot*, by Angus Wilson (Viking, $4.95), there are a dozen people worth reading about, and this alone should make it as satisfying as anything published this spring. At 43, Mrs. Eliot is happily married to a successful lawyer. They live smartly, gaily, off the cuff. Then there is a ridiculous and unforeseeable accident, and overnight Mrs. Eliot finds herself a widow, without money, and terrified. The bulk of Mr. Wilson's novel has to do with her self-rehabilitation, with the sides of her own character which she has to develop, and the sides of other people which she has to acknowledge.

Angus Wilson writes in the central tradition of the English novel. It is true that he is not an original writer, that he takes up where E. M. Forster left off and, so to speak, practices what his master discovered. But this is a great deal, and he does this very well. Unlike so many novelists, he does not isolate one or two aspects of his characters and concentrate exclusively on these. He explores many sides of the same people—their emotions, their beliefs, their careers, their social positions, their secret prides and desires, their ideological struggles, their aesthetic tastes—and shows these going on simultaneously to make up a whole person. Moreover, he ventures the novelist's most difficult task: to show people happening in time, and changing as a result of their relations with each other.

Summer's Lease, by Constance Pendergast (McDowell, Obolensky, $4.50) is about two pretty cousins—one bold and assumptive, the other shy and reflective—who love a young art scholar named Peter. He marries the first, but then falls in love with the second, and after spending an idyllic few weeks with her in Venice, meets an accidental death. This leaves the cousins to a mutual reckoning, and it is here that Miss Pendergast reveals a very subtle insight into human motives. Peter is more of a well-bred girl's daydream than a live male animal, but this, in turn, is not inappropriate, since this is how he appears to the girls whom the story is really about. The influence of Virginia Woolf —especially, I should guess, of *Jacob's Room*—is pervasive, in dramatic method and luminous landscaping, as well as evasive characterization. But I believed in the girls as I read about them, and—the real test, maybe—I can imagine their lives after the story is over.

A little less than six hundred years ago, Chaucer was writing the *Canterbury Tales,* and since it is April again, I would like to recommend his book—not as a classic, nor the fountainhead of seminar English Lit—but simply as a novel, in genial competition with the publishers' spring lists. There is a language barrier, of course, but for those to whom it is a problem, there is an excellent rendering into modern English by Nevill Coghill in the Penguin Classics. In whatever form, may I urge a rereading of the Prologue, and perhaps—if only to show what a real novelist can do with the lechery Mr. Caldwell fumbles with so barrenly—the Reeve's Tale? Together, they will take a couple of hours, and during that time you will not only meet enough people to keep your imagination company for the rest of the year, but even better, you will feel as though it is sunrise and you are standing on dewy greensward glinting with crocuses.

Lowest Common Denominator

WILLMOORE KENDALL

IN THE YEAR 1639 the town of Dorchester (in Massachusetts) levied a land tax for the support of a "free school." Two years later the Massachusetts General Court decreed that all "masters of families" should "once a week (at the least) catechise their children and servants in the grounds and principles of religion." And six years after that the General Court provided that every township must, "after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders," name a teacher and furnish a school for him to teach in, enabling the act on the following grounds: "It being one chief object of that old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures," etc.

In 1789, and again in 1827—when it re-enacted the 1789 statute—the Court charged the "President, Professors, and Tutors, of the University at Cambridge, and of the several Colleges of this Commonwealth, Preceptors and Teachers of Academies," with responsibility

> to take diligent care . . . to impress upon the minds of children, and youth . . . the principles of piety, justice, and sacred regard to truth, love to their country, humanity, and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry, and frugality, chastity, moderation, and temperance, and those other virtues, which are the ornament of human society, and the bases upon which the Republican Constitution is founded.

Even as late as 1837, when Horace Mann became secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, everybody understood the Court's mandate to mean, quite simply, that the public schools were to instruct their charges in the Christian religion. As Mann himself put it, twelve years after he became secretary:

> I could not avoid regarding the man, who should oppose the religious education of the young in the public schools, as an insane man: and were it proposed to debate the question between us, I should desire to restore him to his reason, before entering upon the discussion.

The record, in a word, is clear: Through the first two centuries of our history Americans thought of themselves as building, and handing down to their descendants, a *Christian* society. They intended their public schools to provide the religious and moral training appropriate to such a society. Nor do any of them seem to have seen where the grand project of public education had to lead, namely: to a moment when those public schools, having got around to virtually monopolizing the childhood and adolescence of well-nigh the entire population, would have become the major instrumentality of that same "old deluder" against whom they were directed, for keeping man from the "knowledge of the Scriptures"—and, we might add, from knowledge of anything else worth knowing over and beyond the capacity to tease meaning out of road-signs (in order, of course, the better to disobey them).

Or did they see, without, of course admitting it to themselves, and actually will the triumph of the democratic dogma (which I suppose is what gets you into the idea of public schools in the first place) over the Christian religion? How, to put the point a little differently, will you have those ancestors of ours—merely stupid, or perverse? Unable to see the dilemma, or wicked enough to choose the wrong horn of it? Me, I prefer them stupid—doubly stupid because one suspects that their (and their descendants') attachment to the idea of public schools was based in large part on bad economics. They must have believed—as most of those good folk in Atlanta must believe who ride about now with windshield stickers reading "We *Want* Public Schools"—that by not going down in their pockets for money with which to pay for private education for their youngsters they somehow saved money, beat the game, got something for nothing.

IN ANY CASE, the dilemma was there, and it emerges most clearly when we ask ourselves whether anything could have been done to forestall it. Actually, something could have: The people of Massachusetts could have had it both ways about public schools and Christian education had they been willing to divide up into religiously homogeneous communities, ghettos if you like, in which little or no disagreement over the proper content of religious education would have occurred. That, however, they not only didn't do, but apparently did not even think of doing, so that the "sectarian problem" (the schools proliferated during just the period when the established Congregational Church was splitting every which way over differences about dogma) produced, from an early date, controversy over what the schools were to teach—though not, curiously, about the principle that ought to govern the matter, namely: that the schools should teach the Christian religion, but in such fashion as not to "favor any particular religious sect or tenet." And I say "curiously" because what that prescription called for, even at the first stage, was the reduction of Christianity to the lowest common denominator of *all* the sects, and thus the elimination of precisely the doctrines that, over in the religious sphere of their lives, men regarded as worth fighting about; and with the predictable result that, as the sects multiplied and got further and further apart, the common denominator must sink to an even lower level.

Public Schools and Moral Education, by Neil Gerard McCluskey, S. J. (Columbia, $6.00) is a thoughtful, balanced history and analysis of the working out of the problem to its present-day "solution." The latter, of course, has been dictated by the fact that in due course the sectarian problem ceased to be the sectarian problem and became what Rousseau calls the problem of "dispersion of belief" about fundamentals. In terms of the scheme of Father McCluskey's book, Horace Mann, who strove bravely to have his schools teach a Christianity short of everything that any sect might object to, gave way, as *the* philosopher of the public school system, to William Torrey Harris, who sought a solution in terms of a rigorous separation between religion and morality. And Harris gave way to John Dewey, who solved the problem (once and for all?) by divorcing morality from principle, and desiring the schools merely to inculcate "behavior patterns" appropriate to a democracy.

Always the lowest common denominator—off at the end, that common to Christians, Jews, atheists, agnostics, and Jehovah's Witnesses—was what got handed along to future generations. Always, instead of doing the obviously sensible thing, which was to abolish the public schools and have people send (or not send) their children to private schools, free to impart such religious education as their patrons might wish—men chose to abstract from their most jealously-guarded beliefs and settle for an artificial uniformity. Always, therefore, there was a nearer and nearer approach to a public school system which, as a matter of course, produces atheists and agnostics; and always the system produced the Harris or Dewey it needed in order to ease it into the next stage of degradation.

Is the Dewey solution indeed once and for all? Of course not; truth can be divorced from true religion no more than morality can. Or, to put it a little differently, there is a lowest common denominator for non-religious truth, as there is for religious truth, and the genius of democracy, as we practice it, can be counted on to produce and then minister to the demand that that common denominator be taught in its public schools. And to frown even on the thought of the schools' little prisoners being given a moment of "released time," now and then, to learn something above the common denominator.

Father McCluskey is too unangry a man to write the book that should have been written on his topic. But he has provided a treasure-house of information and implicit guidance for the angry man who will one day write it.

In a Workmanlike Manner

FINIS FARR

In the history of prose fiction, F. Scott Fitzgerald has a place of his own. He wrote as many first-rate short stories as Kipling, two fine novels, and a powerful personal document about a time of troubles which he regarded as a crack-up or nervous breakdown. At first glance this may look like too small an amount of serious work to justify putting Fitzgerald into the front rank or near it. But Emily Brontë achieved enduring status with one terrific novel, and what remains of Mark Twain is only the superb first half of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* which is surely worth two or three tons of Thomas Wolfe. All things considered, after a professional life of little more than twenty years, Fitzgerald comes out well both as to quality and quantity.

He clearly merited a biography, and it appeared in due time, some ten years after his death in 1940, under the title *The Far Side of Paradise,* written by Arthur Mizener, published by Houghton Mifflin, and recently brought out by Vintage ($1.25) as a paper-back. This careful study revealed that some of the most effective scenes in Fitzgerald's stories were modeled on incidents in his own life, many of them painful. There was, for example, the man ejected by servants from a London dance at which he erroneously thought he would be welcome, though uninvited ("Two Wrongs"); there was the anguished boy parting from his Southern sweetheart ("The Sensible Thing"); and most of all there was the hero of the novel *Tender Is the Night,* gradually deteriorating after the serene opening passage in which, to the eyes of an enchanted young girl, he and his wife seem to have drawn a circle of laughter and magic in front of the "proud, rose-colored hotel" on the "bright tan prayer-rug of a beach."

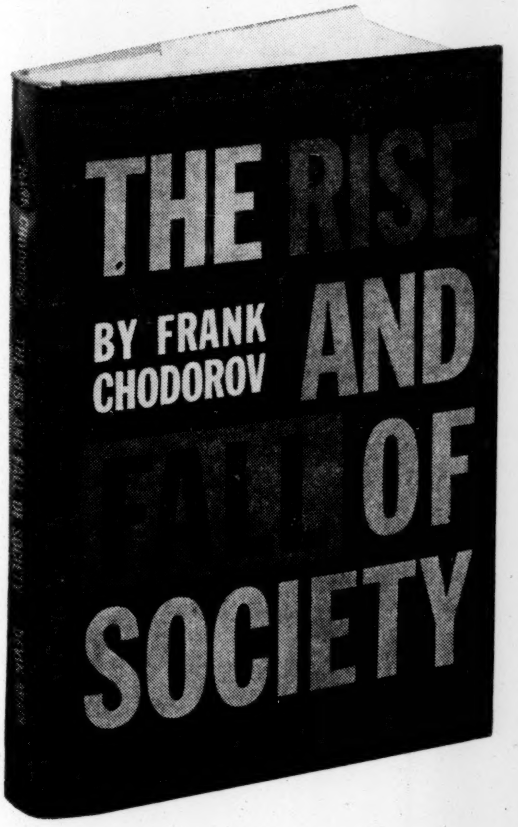
Like his hero, Fitzgerald had to deal with an insoluble problem: his wife was slowly going to pieces emotionally and mentally. The brilliant and charming Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald began to lose touch with reality in the late 1920's. After that, until her death in a hospital fire in 1948, Mrs. Fitzgerald was most often "an empty shell," as she herself put it. On his part, Fitzgerald developed a variety of ailments, including tuberculosis, which had him in and out of hospitals all the rest of his life. But he held on to his sanity, and unlike Dick Diver in *Tender Is the Night,* never quite surrendered to despair.

All this and more is soberly set down by Mr. Mizener, who shows from many documents and reliably reported conversations that Fitzgerald's struggles to stay alive and working were matters of the deepest interest and concern to a highly articulate circle of friends. Some of Fitzgerald's troubles apparently became almost as widely known as his books, and after his death observers began to notice a movement, among people who could not possibly have any understanding of his work, to make him a sort of cultural James Dean. The hero of a mountainous pile of rubbish called *Some Came Running,* for example, has Fitzgerald as a literary avatar, right up there with Steinbeck and Wolfe.

There also grew up a flourishing minor industry of writing reminiscences of "Scott." An example is a paper by Mr. Dwight Taylor in the current *Harper's*. Here Mr. Taylor reports that at a time when they were screenwriters at the same studio, Fitzgerald noted him down as model for the protagonist in a subsequent story, "Crazy Sunday." Mr. Taylor adds rather ruefully that Fitzgerald made this character attend a cocktail party for the Hollywood great, sing a comic song which flopped embarrassingly, and later have an affair with the hostess, her husband being killed in an airplane accident "while they were in bed together." If Mr. Taylor, or someone at *Harper's*, had recently read "Crazy Sunday," he might have remembered that the hero fails with a comic recitation, not a song, and that the point of the whole story is that he was *not* in bed with the hostess when her husband was killed.

ANOTHER current commentary on Fitzgerald's life and work is the play *The Disenchanted*, by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit. This work, based on Mr. Schulberg's novel, tells the story of an ill-advised trip from Hollywood to Hanover, N.H., which Fitzgerald and Schulberg took at the behest of a producer when they were teamed to work up the script for a movie about the Dartmouth College Winter Carnival. Fitzgerald became thoroughly disorganized, nothing was accomplished, and he had to stop off in a New York hospital before he could return to California. Here certainly is an incident of considerable shock value; but even more striking is the masterly way in which Mr. Schulberg, by some extraordinary reverse alchemy, manages to turn the admitted gold of Fitzgerald's personality and conversation into lead. And I fear that the star, Mr. Jason Robards Jr., is almost equally culpable, for he plays the life-worn author in a manner which rouses eerie childhood memories of the late Fred Stone in *The Wizard of Oz*, with a touch of DeWolf Hopper as Dick Deadeye, indicating the novelist's nervous debility by tottering around as though a sandbag had fallen on him in the wings. Still, much must be forgiven an actor who is called on to utter such lines as "Who am I?— Just call me an architect building his own Taj Mahal!"

From Mr. Schulberg's show, one would get the idea that Fitzgerald passed his last days surrounded by bit-players, and died after a drunken frenzy in a room at a college inn. For once, life has improved on art, since things really turned out much better, and more interestingly, too, in my opinion. The actual events are told in a book by Sheilah Graham called *Beloved Infidel* (Holt, $3.95). Miss Graham is a syndicated Hollywood columnist, and she recounts with candor how she met Fitzgerald on his final hitch in the movies when he was working to get out of debt. She tells of their deep mutual interest, and how they helped each other. The author does not hide the fact that there were times when Fitzgerald was not at his best. But he never had lost his way. When heart failure ended his life, he was well into what probably would have been an outstandingly



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good novel, *The Last Tycoon.* He once said that literary success could only be associated with "work done in a workmanlike manner for its own sake, and part of it done when fatigued and uninspired, and part of it done when even to remember the original inspiration and impetus is a psychological trick." All the evidence seems to show that he was in firm, unhurried possession of his original inspiration when he died.

The Passing Scene

Conspicuous Consumption of Self

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

INSTEAD OF Veblen's "conspicuous consumption" of commodities, the "beat" hipster engages in a conspicuous consumption of the self. There is nothing of value to him; and finally the self too is valueless, or acquires value only through acts of conspicuous destruction. (The Greek attitude toward the first "beat" hipster, Herostrates, who burnt the Temple of Diana of Ephesus to assure himself lasting publicity, was more sensible than ours: public mention of his name was made unlawful.)

For the sake of really having the longed-for orgiastic thrill, the extraordinary (crazy) experience—or of being able to pretend to himself that he felt it—the hipster is willing to risk his life, or, at least, is willing to appear to risk his life. Above all, this convinces him of his own sincerity. But in risking or consuming his life, the "beat" hipster, unlike the saint (with whom Allen Ginsberg likes to compare him), does not have revealed and dogmatically buttressed redemption goals. Hence, there is more attitudinizing than there is actual sacrificing—there is no *sacrum* for the sake of which he can make himself suffer. The self-injuries that occur are not so much willed as accidental, or incidental to stupidity and overindulgence.

Being "beat" is, then, in the first place an affectation. Affectations are, by definition, what replaces feelings —and, in the ambitious, passions— when the affected want for them, but are unable to have them. They are feeling wished for and not felt. Since he is trying to convince himself, which in our culture is done largely by convincing others, the affected person is likely to be strident about his enthusiasms. Where actual feeling has been stunted entirely, the affected person, though longing for it, is unable to identify it. Hence, he is likely to confuse it with sentimentality and, on the other hand, sensation (kicks). The "beat" hipster does the former in his vague pseudo-biological, psycho-philosophical theorizing and the latter in his practice.

What entitles us to consider the "beat" attitude an affectation is that the frenetic desire, the will, the need to be excited, thrilled, impressed, and impressive is constantly confused with its fulfillment. For Jack Kerouac, things always are "the greatest," or "crazy"; and the narrator seems on a perpetual frantic jag. But actually the narration contains nothing that is sensational, extraordinary or even mildly interesting. Thus in *On the Road,* Kerouac says "that night all hell broke loose" when some drunken sailors are rounded up by the police, or, "this was the greatest ride I ever had" when all that happens is that someone urinating against the wind on a moving truck brings about the effects which six-year-olds learn to avoid.

The Hollywood technique of movie advertising has entered the novel from within. There are relentless mutual invitations to "go, man, go," to have experiences and to make you experience them—to feel something —but all that ever comes is verbal flatulence and the most extreme banality of experience, articulation and thought. The characters in *On the Road* and *The Subterraneans* are, as some reviewers have pointed out, not characterized at all; they could not be because they are bereft of character in the first place; they act instead.

Perhaps it is true, as Clellon Holmes says, that "their real journey is inward." But they find that they have nothing inside worth reporting; in fact, nothing; wherefore the hunger for sensation, kicks, movement—one has to find some proof of one's own existence. Wherefore, also, the insistence on informal, direct and ungrammatical language: people often feel that such language makes things real (sex plays the same role). And it is reality the "beat" generation is seeking, and not finding, for it attempts to approach it by way of private fantasies; Mr. Kerouac's dreams of grandeur, accepted as transcendent manifestoes, are a prime instance.

There have been literary precedents: Baudelaire's "I cultivate my hysteria," Rimbaud's African journey, and Dylan Thomas' self-destructive fury may be cited. But there is a profound difference: Baudelaire and Rimbaud were poets. And Baudelaire, besides cultivating his hysteria privately, cultivated the French language in his published works. Their lives may have been sordid or self-indulgent (far too glib a simplification), but their work was neither. Mr. Kerouac cultivates his hysteria in public; he knows no language to cultivate. The jive he writes is a counter-language: it removes all differentiation, all subtlety, even meaning and grammar, and involves a prolonged fantasy not fully intelligible to the reader because it has meaning only to the author and is put in language only his friends can pretend to grasp fully. There probably is not much to be grasped. The function of these verbalizations is strictly "phatic," in Malinowski's phrase: the personages shrilly assure each other, "I am here, you are here, too—wonderful." To state the matter differently: Mr. Kerouac has nothing to say and he says it badly. The trouble is that he is absolutely sincere. What could be worse in such a case?

There remains a vexatious question: why this now? It is as hard to answer as: why do women wear chemises now? Intellectual and literary fashions are not much easier to explain than any others. To be sure, the socially conscious fashions of the thirties were associated with the depression; the political ones, later, with Hitler, one of the results of the depression. The jive fashion of the hipster and the "beat generation" would be inconceivable in similar circumstances.

My hypothesis is that this fashion arises from an age of material prosperity and boredom with it; from the

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moral depression of a life without problems which therefore becomes a problem itself; from an unsuccessful attempt to escape the routine of a meaningless life. On the lower levels, this may be one of the causes of one kind of delinquency, an attempt to provide kicks by violence, which, itself meaningless, provides distraction from peaceful boredom. Among the more timid (and perhaps schizoid) characters, self-experience may be sought by the various forms of self-destruction that Mr. Kerouac celebrates. But this, too, is only an affectation. They are not really going to consume themselves—they are going to be conspicuous for a while longer—as long as the public does not become bored.

least international, the most intimately needful reason in the world. R. PHELPS

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Uncommon Man: The Individual in the Organization, by Crawford H. Greenewalt (McGraw-Hill, $4.00). The American business executive, as a type, has been the object of jibe and vilification for as long as most of us can remember. He has proved pretty easy pickings, in part because he so seldom talks back. Mr. Greenewalt, the president of du Pont, talks back in this compilation of essays—in the main persuasively, and always with the poise and learning that qualifies for top-drawer social polemics. In addition, he speaks with the authority of first-hand knowledge. The familiar stereotypes—whether one of Sinclair's beasts of prey, or the automaton draped in gray flannel—are as representative of the business community, Mr. Greenewalt is saying, as the long-haired professor is of the academy. Still, there is a real danger that the great economic units of modern society will effectively discriminate against individuality and class, in favor of conformity and mediocrity. Therefore, our main social goal, and the one which the smart corporation will keep its eye on, should be to provide every individual with the opportunity to be uncommon. In developing this undoubtedly sound argument, Mr. Greenewalt leans a little heavily on platitudes. But the second half of his book contains some trenchant analysis. I was particularly taken with an attack on progressive taxation that eschewed the easy "lack of incentive" argument and bore down on the "immorality" of denying a man what he has earned. L. B. BOZELL

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T. E. Lawrence, by Jean Beraud Villars (Duell, $5.50). In his own lifetime, thanks to hagiographers like Robert Graves, T. E. Lawrence was a Boy Scout's idol. Then after he died, the sharks closed in, and a biography like Richard Aldington's coldly tried to expose the worst: that Lawrence was illegitimate, homosexual, vindictive, proud, bedeviled, and fanatically hungry for fame. Actually, as this account by an unprurient Frenchman makes clear, he was only an exceptionally passionate and deeply harried human being. When he led the Arabian revolt against the Turks during World War I, intricate historical factors were involved. But as his own account in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* strictly insists, his own "strongest motive throughout had been a personal one, not mentioned here." It now appears that, like Jay Gatsby, Lawrence was above all a man in love, and that in a sense his whole Arabian campaign was a literal fight to reach Damascus, where his beloved was waiting. Anyone to whom this possibility seems too slight, or unmanly, should leave Lawrence's private life alone. For like the life of Shakespeare's Antony, it confronts us with the fact that a great leader can do the most epic things—build empires, plot revolutions, sack cities—for the

In Every War But One, by Eugene Kinkead (Norton, $3.75). Never before Korea was collaboration with the enemy by American prisoners a serious problem. Mr. Kinkead, in this book, claims to seek the cause and cure. Such information would indeed be of great value. Too bad, then, that the author went only to Army sources (he interviewed not a single prisoner); for all he really gives us is a semi-official report, and second-hand at that. As might be expected, the Army a) admits mistakes, b) is taking steps, and c) feels the real blame, however, lies with our society, which does not prepare its young for war. True enough: we currently prepare the young for virtually nothing at all, and certainly not for displays of patriotic valor. But that is part of the larger question of over-all moral decay, which, if serious enough, will make any armed force useless. Mr. Kinkead forgets a more immediate and relevant fact of the Korean "police action": for the first time, we asked our troops to fight but not win. J. P. MCFADDEN

The Present Age in British Literature, by David Daiches (Indiana University Press, $5.00). Half general essays, half bibliography with commentary, this is a very useful little reference book for non-specialist readers. As is inevitable with any catalogue of one's contemporaries, though, there are omissions—careless, deliberate, or merely shortsighted—which are misrepresentative and to no one's advantage. Five of Firbank's best-known novels are not listed, and though dates in the text indicate that Mr. Daiches had his book in hand as late as 1957, the whole of the "red-brick university" and "angry young men" movement is ignored. R. BECKET

We regret that in the review of Richard Louis Walker's *The Continuing Struggle* (p. 624, March 28), the name of the publisher and the price were omitted. The book is published by Athene Press at $5.00, paper $2.00.

To the Editor

Mr. Griswold's Stepfatherliness

Please accept my sincere congratulations on your fine journalistic exposé of police brutality and faculty (administration?) callousness at Yale University ["The Stepfatherliness of Mr. Griswold," March 28]. Your story was of special interest to me since I am presently writing a detailed study of "College Student Human Rights." Sample chapters of my forthcoming book are "The Pogo Riot Martyrs (Harvard)" and "Wahoos without Wheels (University of Virginia)." As you pointed out, there will always be student disturbances.

Washington, D.C. RICHARD B. O'KEEFFE

For the six volumes [of *NR*], you people in sundry articles, symposiums and cartoons have been lamenting the current malaise of our civilization. And one [malaise is shown by] college students acting like common ordinary street ruffians. I say three cheers for President Griswold. Too bad the courts do not allow our police departments to be as forthright.

Washington, D.C. THOMAS MCGILL

The Regime of the South

Just a few words of gratitude for one of the best articles I've ever read, Richard M. Weaver's "The Regime of the South" [March 14]. This ought to become a classic, especially the definition of modern liberalism in the long paragraph starting with, "There are many things compelling us to believe that Liberalism is the death-wish of modern civilization."

Wichita, Kans. L. S. ABBOTT

Richard Weaver's discussion of the nature and value of "regime" is in general quite excellent. However, I must dispute his assertion that "The South has had the enormously difficult problem of accommodating a large minority distinct in race and culture." While this is not directly necessary to Mr. Weaver's argument, it merits comment because it embodies a common and fallacious assumption. This is that the Negro has a culture distinct from that of the whites, which makes assimiliation either impractical or undesirable. It is often claimed that segregation is a boon to the Negro because it helps him to preserve his own "rich culture." This is pure bosh.

Just what and where is this special Negro culture? I know of no instance in history in which a comparable minority was more quickly and thoroughly stripped of their original culture and imbued with the ways of the majority. . . .

Undoubtedly, one reason why Negroes feel their peculiar status so poignantly is that they try so hard to be like everyone else, *and we won't let them.*

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE W. PRICE

A comment on Richard Weaver's article: Since when does the ability to pay a poll-tax guarantee wisdom in voting? To pay a poll-tax, you have to have something in your pocket, not necessarily something in your head.

RAE OEHRLEIN
JANE O'DONNELL
Madison, Wis. CAROLYN MITCHELL

Why Teachers Quit

Every taxpayer should read Michael Callaghan's fine article, "Why I Quit Teaching" [March 28]. Only after the people wise up and break the grip of the "professional educators" as described by Mr. Callaghan can our secondary schools be significantly improved by the additional outlay of monies.

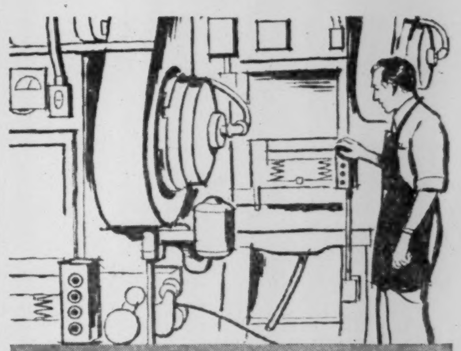
I fully agree with Mr. Callaghan that foolish "education" course requirements drive away many prospective public school teachers. Any intelligent person resents the affront to his mental ability which such courses offer.

I plan to teach. But I would not consider any high school or junior college under state public school control. I prefer colleges where, at least in some, a little knowledge of the subject to be taught is considered important.

Gainesville, Fla. ROBERT D. WHITAKER

I was doubly interested in your article "Why I Quit Teaching"—I am an educator, and a student had shown me your weekly.

True, education courses have become rather poor. One reason may be



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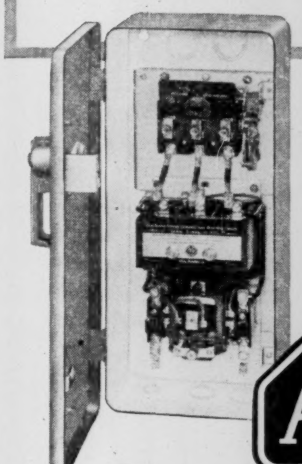

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that only the lowest quartile of the college-bound students go to teachers' colleges. Therefore, these schools have to repeat things which are evident to most. Just as we do not blame history teachers when the citizens are not civic minded, so we should not blame education professors for poor teachers.

High schools today cannot use the techniques of the early twentieth century because today just about everybody goes to secondary school whereas earlier only a selected group went. We have to "water down" the courses because the student body is diluted and deluded.

PIERRE C. HABER
Yorktown Heights, N. Y.

U. S. Unpreparedness

I am in the midst of reading the March 14 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, and I couldn't wait to tell you how greatly I was impressed with Mr. Bozell's "Nuclear Tests: Hedge against Disaster" and Mr. Hunter's "We're Asking For it in Panama." The failure in American awareness that both point out, has been our curse since World War I: we shall do nothing until the other side makes the overt act, not even prepare for it. Thus the boys in World War I went to war in paper raincoats and paper-soled shoes. In World War II they trained with wooden tanks and with models of large-scale guns. . . .

New York City HARRY SERWER

The New Brotherhood

Bully for Thos. E. Perry's letter [March 28] pricking the serio-comic bubble that foreign aid fights Communism. Carried to its logical extreme, the notion will reach its "humanitarian" fruition when our Economic Cooperation Administration establishes missions in the USSR and Red China, quite undeveloped countries, to dispense U.S. tax moneys among poverty-stricken Communists and their ailing industries and call it international brotherhood, East-West exchange, or central intelligence.

Summit, N. J. W. H. PETERSON

Book-of-the-Month

You meet with this reader's unqualified approval in your reference to the Book-of-the-Month Club [Feb. 28]. I have noted with increasing disgust their consistent choices of left-wing writings. . . . At any rate, I have become weary of being obliged to ignore their selections, and your editorial impelled me to write them in protest.

Wilmington, Ohio SCOTT MOLYNEAUX

The More Elemental "Thing"

Garry Wills' interesting remarks anent "The Thing" [March 14] provoke a bit of thought. Is not "The Thing," however, something much more elemental than barbarism? Judaeo-Christian tradition pictures for us man ruined by the unreason of an attempted self-deification—an insane bid for an impossible independence; the poet speaks of our "tainted nature." Dare we, in this sophisticated age of "fearless thinkers" and redoubtable Liberals, identify "The Thing" with what the old theologians (naive wretches!) called "Original Sin"? Unleash the Beast Within, magnify Unreason many times, and we have the barbarism Mr. Wills deplores. (Oh, "fearless thinker"? You know the guy: "Here stand I," quoth he. "The world has waited eons for my appearance. All that have been before me were fools or charlatans, and *'après moi le déluge.'* ")

Cambridge, Mass. GERALD J. TOMIS

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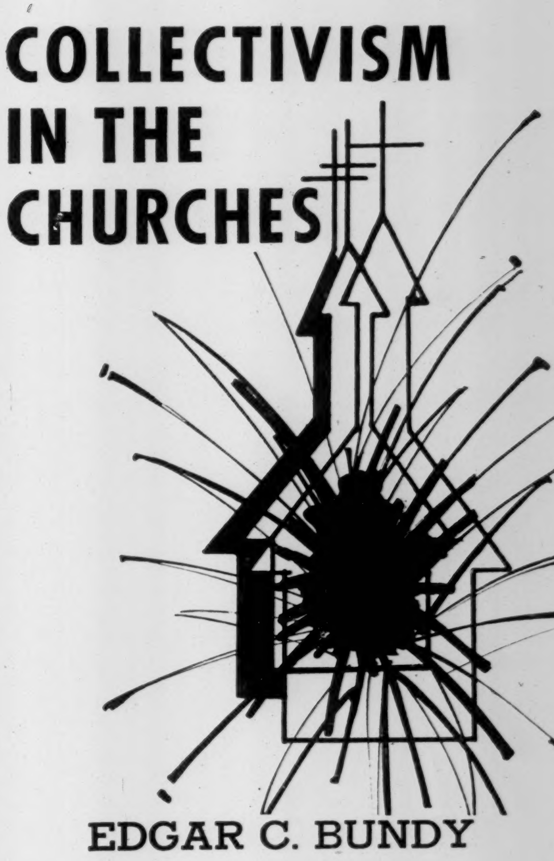

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August 29, 1959

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